

APRIL

35¢

SHADOWLAND



A BREWSTER PUBLICATION



A Beauty Secret 3,000 Years Old

The use of palm and olive oils to keep the skin fresh and smooth is nothing new, but a secret known to pretty girls since Cleopatra's time. Her Palmolive came in vessels and jars, and she had to do her own mixing. But the beautifying cleanser she achieved was the inspiration of the mild, soothing blend science produces today.

Take a lesson from Cleopatra, who kept her youthful beauty long after girlhood's days had passed. She used cosmetics to embellish and enhance her charm, just as women do today. But the foundation was a skin thoroughly and healthfully cleansed from all clogging and dangerous accumulations.

Perfected for washing faces

Palmolive is blended from the same palm and olive oils Cleopatra used—they are the mildest, most soothing ingredients science has been able to discover.

The scientific combination of these rare oils produces a smooth, creamy, lotion-like lather. Palmolive soothes and beautifies while it cleanses. It keeps the skin of the face and body beautifully soft and smooth.

The importance of thorough cleansing

It is absolutely essential to complexion beauty to wash your face thoroughly once a day. Palmolive makes this cleansing doubly beneficial by its mildness.

The profuse, creamy lather penetrates each tiny pore, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which cause clogging and enlargement. Such cleansing is the secret of fresh, smooth skins, as results prove.

Don't neglect the body

Care of the complexion only begins with the face. Neck, arms and shoulders should be kept white and smooth.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are accomplished. It does for your body what it does for the face. If this seems an extravagance, remember the modest price. The firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs but ten cents.

Our price secret

If Palmolive were made in small quantities it

would be a very expensive soap. Palm and Olive oils are costly soap ingredients, and come from overseas.

But the popularity which requires enormous production has reduced the price to that of ordinary soaps. 25-cent quality is offered for 10 cents.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, Toronto, Ontario
Makers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency produce
25-cent quality for

10c



Corliss Palmer Powder



CORLISS PALMER

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** and **BEAUTY MAGAZINE** have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a fifty-cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

CORLISS PALMER POWDER

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell how, but I can tell why. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none had suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesium carbonate, powdered cerise root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exterior and interior, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach. I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs them to make. I have made up boxes of \$1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business to get rich, but I want to be paid. If any of my readers want to try this powder, I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name

Street

City and State

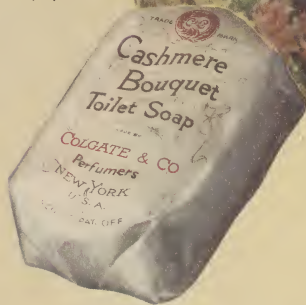
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Medium size, 10c

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Sold at your favorite store



She was a discriminating person, the girl of long ago who made Cashmere Bouquet Soap her choice, and so set this fragrant soap apart—as the favored toilet soap for women.

Many types of girls have come and gone since Grandmother's courtship days. But Cashmere Bouquet Soap has remained the choice of each succeeding generation, with its fragrance of sweet flowers, its soft refreshing lather, and a lasting quality that makes it an economical toilet soap.

COLGATE & CO.

Est. 1806

NEW YORK



VOLUME VI

Expressing the Arts SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

APRIL, 1922

Important Features in this Issue:

FRANK SWINNERTON..... Frank Harris
A discerning study of the novelist and another of Mr. Harris' vigorous contemporary portraits

THE REAL CHALIAPIN..... Louise Bryant
A sympathetic story of the great Russian basso-barytone who captured New York this season

THE ARTIST OF THE THEATER.....
..... Oliver Saylor and Eugene O'Neill
An interesting discussion of the duties and possibilities of the creator in the theater

THE PERENNIAL BEERBOHM Alfred Kreymborg
The poet interviews the dazzling Max on the Italian Riviera and draws some unusual conclusions

DE MAUPASSANT: VAGABOND FAUN.....
..... Benjamin de Casseres

Something of the famous writer who saw life thru the spectacles of complete disillusionment

PHOSPHORUS Franz Molnar
A sparkling playlet of a mistress, a maid and an infantry officer by the author of "Liliom"

CERTAIN ASPECTS OF THE THEATRICAL
SEASON..... Louis Raymond Reid
The vogue of the musical entertainment and other developments of the stage year

MUSICAL SPAIN IN THE UNITED STATES
..... Pitts Sanborn
What is being done for the music of old Spain in this country.

THE DYNAMIC DRAMATIST, Herman George Scheffauer
An absorbing account of that new force in the Continental theater, Georg Kaiser, and of his startling drama, "Gas"

ON JULES LAFORGUE..... Babette Deutsch
Anent the poet who impressed his ironic intellect upon the English poetry, as a sculptor upon his clay

Interviews with Mary Nash and Sydney Blackmer

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., AT JAMAICA, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief; Guy L. Harrington, Vice-President and Business Manager; L. G. Conlon, Treasurer; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary; Eleanor V. V. Brewster, Associate Editor.

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor.

Subscription \$3.50 per year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada and foreign countries, \$4.00 per year. Single copies, 35 cents. Postage prepaid. One and two cent United States Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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NUMBER 2

OUR COLOR PLATES:



"Butterflies"

An Original Color Poster by Albert Vargas



George Arliss

A Striking Color Impression of the Actor
By Our Own Wynn



Albertina Vitak

An Attractive Study in Full Colors of the
Well-Known Classic Dancer



Maurice Prendergast

Reproductions in Colors of two of Mr. Prendergast's Characteristic Canvases, "La Ponte della Paglia" and "The Beach"



BUTTERFLIES

An original poster by Albert Vargas



GEORGE ARLISS

A color impression by Wynn Holcomb



Painted from a photograph by Nickolas Muray

Albertina Vitak



At the left is an interesting Prendergast canvas, *La Pointe della Paglia*. Below is another characteristic work, *The Beach*.

Maurice Prendergast belongs to his time—to that first generation that succeeded the Impressionists and went on with their study of the reciprocal influences of light and color. The man of the preceding generation who first claimed his homage was Cézanne and, after thirty or forty years of study, it is still that master to whom he looks most for pleasure and counsel.

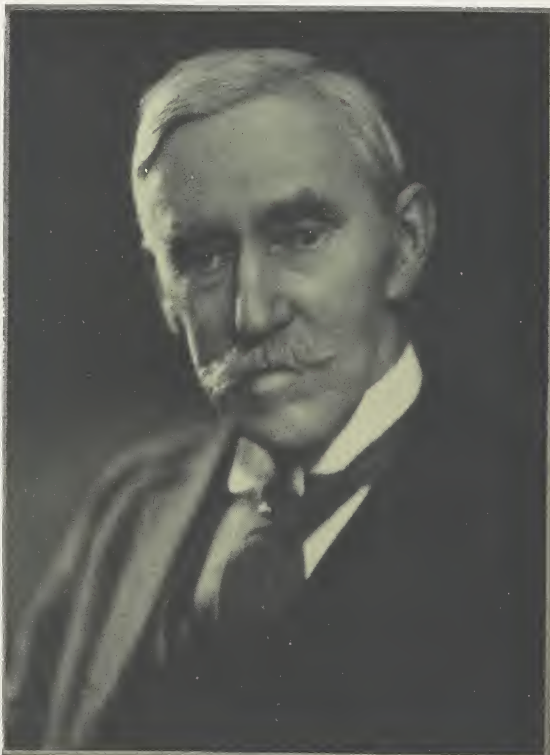


Maurice Prendergast

By
Walter Pach

ONE would like to write of the work of Maurice Prendergast in the words people use to express their delight in his pictures. But that is hardly to be done, for the admirers of his work see it as a thing that has reached a degree of completeness, almost of perfection, that makes them indifferent to the critic's paraphernalia of comparison and discussion. They enjoy this art for itself, as one of the choice things that the world has to offer us today. Since the painter began his work many a long year has passed, and the love of his craft with which he started has become a deep knowledge of art. He has attained it only thru unremitting labor, carried on day by day—the good, joyous days when the work went well, and the hard days when the problem of the picture in hand seemed beyond solution. When we see the picture framed and hung on its wall, the process is reversed: the work has been done for us, the deep knowledge is laid open to our eyes and that love of the art that was the painter's starting-point is the goal to which he brings us back. And so a critic must adopt other words than those which he hears at a Prendergast exhibition, for they are likely to go no further than brief exclamations of surprise, of pleasure in the fact that here, among us in America, the old art of painting, the old sense of beauty, has flowered anew in the clear daylight of this joyous and deep work.

It is too soon to ask that this country render an account of itself in its art. We are not yet old enough as a people for that—we are still working at problems of food and shelter, transportation and exchange, education and law. It will only be when a certain approach to equilibrium in these matters is reached that the mass of our people will turn to the less definable but at least equally vital matter of art. When it does, it will find a most heartening record of achievement in the first century or so of American painters. There are not many among them, to be sure, who will bear comparison with the great men of their day in the Old World, but the fact that there are *some* is all we need to prove that the instinct for art is here, and that it can produce splendid work on this soil. Among our earlier painters the two in whom we may feel most pride are Copley, whose quality as a portraitist is unsurpassed among any of the



Photograph by Nickolas Murray

great Englishmen, and Ryder, whom the future will surely look upon as one of the masters of the Romantic School. I believe that no other American reaches the height that they did in their different ways, until we reach Maurice B. Prendergast.

It is a mark of provincial nervousness, of a lack of healthy self-confidence (in which Americans are usually not lacking), to be forever asking where we stand in relation to Europe, but at times the question should be asked, so that we may have a juster insight into the value of our accomplishment. And when one of our artists takes high rank, not merely among his contemporaries here, but among all the men of his generation, the knowledge that we have such a man is of real importance, for we have the right to see in it

(Continued on page 74)

Observing Maurice Prendergast's canvases, one notes that the old art of painting, the old sense of beauty, has flowered anew in the clear daylight of this joyous and deep work. Among our earliest painters, the two in whom we feel most pride are Copley and Ryder. Possibly no other American reaches the level that they did in their different ways, until we reach Maurice B. Prendergast.



HELEN FLINT

One of the pretty members of "The Lemi-Virgin" cast

Photograph by Abbe



DESHA

*A new study of the dancer, now with the
Fokine Ballet*

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg



DORIS EATON

*A new camera study of an interesting revue personality
Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston*



GILDA GREY

*A different study of the famous exponent of the shimmy
Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston*

SHADOWLAND



OLIVE VAUGHN

*One of the most pulchritudinous of New
York's revue favorites, now with George
White's Scandals. Photograph by Alfred
Cheney Johnston*



KYRA

*An unusual study of the dancer
By Maurice Goldberg*

SHADOWLAND



SHADOWS

Camera study by Edwin Bower Hesser

Mary Nash: Versatile Actress

By Benjamin de Casseres

IF you've seen Mary Nash as Anna Valeska in "Captain Applejack"—that rip-roaring "kidded melodrama" which is partly "Peter Pan," partly "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and partly just itself—you have seen a quivering, vital personality, totally unlike the blonde, pretty-face heroine of the average Broadway play.

To follow her saps your strength. Her methods are more Continental than American or English. Her whole body acts—not merely her lips, her eyes and her gowns. She fires her rôle at you. It goes over with a rush and a roar.

When I went into her dressing-room to interview her after the fall of the final curtain of a certain Wednesday matinee, she was still Anna Valeska. She was still vibrating with the part, still pulsing to the music of a fictional dream.

She is the dark, Spanish type of beauty—and every feature is fired by a crackling earnestness when she talks to you. No one is more perfectly natural and less staid off-stage. One can see she enters *con amore* into her parts—she loves her art.

Humor threads all she says. Her eyes dance with laughter and over her face emotion after emotion—often contradictory—chase each other like thunder-clouds mixed with golden sunshine.

When only seventeen years of age, Miss Nash was cast to play a child of fourteen by Clyde Fitch himself in "The City"—that astoundingly bold drama—for that time—which was produced after Fitch's death. That was really her first part.

"I never had a bit of stage fright," she said. "I took to acting naturally from the first time I faced an audience. From childhood I had been a play 'fan,' and while sitting in my seat I always conceived myself on the other side of the footlights doing the things that those actresses did which I admired. I could always project myself mentally into the parts I loved and, when my great moment came in 'The City,' I merely felt as tho I was taking possession of something that belonged to me—from before birth probably.

"Some actresses are born, some made, and others have their parts thrust upon them by producers. I was a born actress. Voilà!"



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe
MARY NASH

Miss Nash has appeared with Ethel Barrymore and Grace George. She has appeared in plays by William de Mille and David Belasco.

"I have never played two parts alike in my life. I have never been and never want to be—identified with any special rôle or any special school of acting. There is not only fun but health in versatility. I am avid. I am hungry, for all kinds of rôles, serious—comic, melodramatic, vamp and ingénue. No producer can say 'That is a Mary Nash part.' It doesn't exist. But I always like them to say when they are stuck, 'Let's get Mary Nash—she can handle anything.'"

I congratulated her on a healthy sense of self-appreciation, but she waved me off with a *n'importe!*

"What we need in this country badly,"

she said with a quick pirouette of thought, "is something like the Conservatoire in Paris. We need a national school of acting that will at least standardize our language. The stage here suffers from too many kinds of American brogue. We have New England schools of acting, Southern schools, Western schools, New York schools—all handling the same words with different pronunciations and enunciations. The American stage lacks an American tongue common to all.

"Then again technical training for the stage—in the sense that it exists in Europe—is almost unknown here. A born actress, of course, does not require much technical training, but there are few born to the profession. Direction in parts is not training. Acting is an art. It is not taken seriously enough here. Doing tricks of illusion on the stage is not acting. Before I learn my part, for instance, I know everybody else's part in the play. I play into the spirit of the drama or comedy in which I am cast. During the first week of a new play when I'm off stage, I watch the parts I'm not in from the wings, and make mental notes on where I can improve my own work. I want to fit perfectly into the spirit of the whole action—not merely 'do a part.' The latter is a fault of many of our actors and actresses, and savors too much of the movies."

My cue!—the movies. (It's always a cue in every conversation.)

(Continued on page 73)



THE ETERNAL TRAGEDY OF HARLEQUIN

A scene from the cinema play, "The Green Temptation," which, by the way, was the last photoplay directed by the late William D. Taylor, whose murder has stirred the Coast film colony. Betty Compson and Theodore Kosloff appear in the episode



RODOLPH VALENTINO

*At this moment probably the most
popular man on the silverscreen*

Special photograph by Mandeville

SHADOWLAND



Marjorie Peterson is a new Terpsichorean arrival. Unfortunately, we know little of Miss Peterson's dance career, except that she has recently appeared at the Rivoli and Rialto Theaters, where she attracted some little attention

Another Devotee of the Dance

Special Camera Studies
for SHADOWLAND
by Abbe



It is a dull day on Broadway which produces no new dancer. Out of the no-where they come—into the spotlight of the New York theaters. We have long since ceased to predict as to any dancer's future. But Miss Peterson, judging from her pictures, has a certain distinctive quality



Paging Miss Burke

Special Photographs by
Nickolas Muray

One of the interesting events of the present dramatic season was the return of Billie Burke, in the Booth Tarkington comedy, "The Intimate Strangers." After a Broadway engagement, Miss Burke is now on tour in the play





MARIE OTTO

A piquant member of the British revue, "Pins and Needles"

Photograph by Abbe



Photograph (above) by White Studio
Photograph (left) by Ira L. Hill

Miss Kiki Ulric

*The door flew open and in she
came—
No boxes or bundles—not even
a name;
She'd an eye for a hearth, a
tooth for sweets,
And a character founded on
corners of streets.*



*Lenore Ulric's hit as the gamin of the Paris
music halls in André Picard's "Kiki" is one of
the big things of the dramatic year. Kiki, as
Miss Ulric presents her, is both captivating and
piquant. You simply cannot help loving her—
brazen, audacious, but altogether winning*



DOROTHEA BOCK

*Now a featured dancer in the spectacle, "Aphrodite," on tour
Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser*



In Gentle Georgian Days

Special Photographs
for SHADOWLAND
by Abbe

Louis N. Parker's romantic comedy, "Pomander Walk," with its scenes laid "out Chiswick way," in the year 1805, has been transformed into a musical play, with the title of "Marjolaine." "Marjolaine," with its intelligent lyrics and tuneful music, is altogether delightful. Little Mary Hay, pictured above, runs away with the hit of the piece. At the right is Lennox Paula, who is featured in his original rôle of Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn, Esq., pompous inhabitant of Pomander Walk.





Little Miss Hay, pixie-like and petite, plays the daughter of a retired minister, also a Pomander Walk inhabitant. Maurice Holland is the young gentleman of her heart. Miss Hay and Mr. Holland appear in the sentimental interlude pictured above

SHADOWLAND



Photograph by Abbe

TED SHAWN

*Who has contributed much to the dance in America as a Terpsichorean creator
and as head of Denishawn with Miss Ruth St. Denis*

The Exotic Miss Marinoff



There is a distinct flavor of the exotic in the stage contributions of Fania Marinoff, who, oddly enough, is now lending her personality to a musical revue, Frank Fay's Fables. Even in these surroundings of broad comedy and slender chorines, Miss Marinoff stands out of the proceedings



DOROTHY DALTON

*Who has shown a decided advance recently in
her screen work*
Camera Study by Edwin Bower Hesser

Romance in Realism

By Gladys Hall

THE Mountain Man is a serious young man. So is Sidney Blackmer.

He is a serious young man, compounded in nice proportions of the doer and the dreamer.

He has large, full brown eyes, brown hair "to match," full, strongly colored lips—and a Southern accent. He has a geniality tempered by a strain rather minor in key, which may be an incipient morbidity, but is probably the artist in him.

New York is tremendously interested in Sidney Blackmer. Critics say that the young man has distinct *flair*; that he does and will contribute something intrinsic to the American theater; that he bears watchful waiting. Several



Photographs by Abbe



Sidney Blackmer is a serious young man, compounded in nice proportions of the dreamer and the doer. *Above*, an interesting scene from the Clare Kummer comedy, "The Mountain Man," with Marion Coakley as the girl who stirs his heart. *Left*, another study of Mr. Blackmer, as Aaron Winterfield, of High Mountain

times this season John Barrymore has been in the audience, tremendously interested evidently.

But back of the Mountain Man and his plaudits (the mountain did not, in this case, come to the man), there is a long, long lane, with many turnings.

Sidney Blackmer is a North Carolinian. His family are one of the

F. F. N. C.—to paraphrase. Sidney was brought up to think of the theater as something that one just didn't *do*. Some people, perhaps—but not the Blackmers.

He was *the* young man of the town. He had social life, and college life, and before him stretched the complicated glories of the Law, traditional in the Blackmer family. Background. But

Back in the barefoot period (if a Blackmer could be a barefoot), the small Sidney was wont to lounge about the railroad station whenever a stock company or a circus or any theatrical enterprise was scheduled for arrival. The scenery

(Continued on page 76)



LILLIAN POWELL

*A highly promising pupil of Ruth St. Denis
Photograph by Ira L. Hill*

Phosphorus

By Franz Molnar

Translated by Benjamin Glazer

[The scene is the living-room of a luxuriously furnished apartment in Budapest. It is about seven o'clock in the evening. Madame is alone, reading the evening paper, when the door is suddenly flung open and the Maid rushes in breathlessly.]

THE MAID:

Madame! For heaven's sake . . . please . . . come out a minute?

MADAME:

What's the matter?

THE MAID:

It's Mademoiselle . . . the governess. . . . She's going to kill herself!

MADAME:

What's that?

THE MAID:

She's dissolving phosphorus in water . . . I saw her. Hurry, please . . .

[She leads the way to Mademoiselle's room. When they enter, they find Mademoiselle sitting at a table, softly weeping as she bends over a glass of hot water into which she is industriously chipping the phosphorus heads of matches.]

MADAME:

(Sternly.) What are you doing, Mademoiselle?

MADMOISELLE:

I'm . . . Oh!

[Bends lower over the table, her face in her hands, sobbing bitterly. The Maid snatches up the glass and the matches and awaits further developments with an eager stare.]

MADAME:

You may go, Esther. And take those things with you.

THE MAID:

(Reluctantly.) Yes, Madame.

[She backs out of the room slowly.]

MADAME:

Now, Mademoiselle, what does this mean? Speak! (Mademoiselle only sobs the louder.) Stop that now, and tell me what this means Do you hear me?

[Failing to get any response from Mademoiselle save more violent outbursts of sobbing, Madame gives it up presently, goes to the door and calls.]

Stephan! Send Stephan in here to me!

[A boy of seven comes in, gazing wide-eyed at Mademoiselle.]

MADAME:

Stephan, have you been out with Mademoiselle this afternoon?

STEPHAN:

Yes, mother.

MADAME:

Where?

STEPHAN:

In the park.

MADAME:

And when did she bring you home?

STEPHAN:

A little while ago.

MADAME:

What is the matter with her? Do you know?

STEPHAN:

No, mother. Maybe the officer hurt her feelings.

MADAME:

Officer? What officer?

STEPHAN:

Her officer. The one that always waits for us over near the kiosk.

MADAME:

Oh, indeed? And was he waiting there today?

STEPHAN:

No. Today we got there first. But he came after a while, and then they had a fight.

MADAME:

A fight?

STEPHAN:

Not right away—later.

MADAME:

What happened? Tell me everything you heard.

STEPHAN:

We got there, and waited, and after a while the officer came. He's not a cavalry officer, mother, just infantry. Cavalry officers wear boots and spurs and they . . .

MADAME:

Never mind that. What happened?

STEPHAN:

First he kissed Mademoiselle, and then she kissed him. They always do that. Sometimes he kisses her on the ear—and she pushes him away and says, "It tickles!"

MADAME:

Never mind that. I want to know what happened today.

STEPHAN:

She said, "It tickles!" today
(Continued on page 70)

MONOCHROME

By Berton Braley

Your beauty is as subtle as a strain
Of quiet music hardly sensed or heard,
Music with accents softened, tempered,
blurred,
Which scarcely seem recorded by the brain;
Till afterwards, when mightier measures
wade,
Leaving the memory unthrilled, unstirred,
That strain returns like some sweet spell
deferred,
Binding the senses in a lyric chain.

Your beauty is such music, muted low,
It lingers when more poignant loveliness
Has lost its magic. Subtle, gentle, slow,
An anodyne to all life's bitter stress:
It thrills me—and all beauty else becomes
Brazen as cymbals, boisterous as drums!

Still Life Studies



As a pleasant variation, SHADOWLAND this month presents an interesting photographer, Clara E. Sipprell, new to its readers. The three still-life studies presented herewith have an unusual charm and beauty



"The Rose," reproduced above, presents Miss Sipprell at her best. It is an exquisite camera composition



Frank Swinnerton

By Frank Harris

[Next month Mr. Harris will consider Thomas Hardy in his series of new contemporary portraits, just now attracting so much attention in SHADOWLAND.]

IT is difficult to write about Frank Swinnerton. He has been overpraised by Wells and Arnold Bennett to such a degree that it is really hard to give a fairly true view of the man and his work. Wells calls his "Nocturne" a book that will not die; "it is perfect, authentic, and alive," he says; Arnold Bennett also describes it as "perfect, consummate," can anyone, indeed, see any description in such extravagant eulogy! It is impossible to deny that "Nocturne" is a good book; it is in much the same class as "Liza of Lambeth" by Maughan, that I praised five and twenty years ago, which has just reached America.

I should find it puzzling to choose between these two men, but clearly Maughan is not one of the Immortals, tho in "Liza of Lambeth" he did a good book. I choose Maughan to compare with Swinnerton because he is about twenty or twenty-five years older and his work is finished, tho he has done nothing so good as "Liza of Lambeth," his earliest novel.

The point for us to consider is whether Swinnerton will go on doing better or whether "Nocturne" will stand as his highest achievement. His appearance tells us little about him. He is in the early thirties still, of ordinary middle height, ordinary looks, reddish hair, and now grows a short beard, his mouth is sensitive and well cut, and his eyes have a sort of lingering regard in them, patient at once and searching. He is one of the readers in the old firm of Chatto and Windus in London and besides his own imaginative writing does, I believe, critical work for *The Manchester Guardian*.

He is a good critic. He has written about both Gissing and Stevenson and he sees that, in spite of the enormous publicity given to Robert Louis Stevenson, Gissing is a more important literary figure.

I think it is his contempt for R. L. S. that first drew me to him, made me feel that he might do better work than he has yet done. But his "Coquette" is not better than "Nocturne." It is not so well constructed and the secondary characters are nothing like so good. "Nocturne" is a short book,



Photograph © by E. O. Hoppe, London
FRANK HARRIS

but both Jenny and Emmy are vivid sketches from life; Jenny, indeed, so good that one is won to complete sympathy with her; a real heroine, this Cockney girl. And the fickle Alf is an excellent Cockney lover; vulgar, good-natured, mean, half-baked—really a surpassing study.

But in "Coquette" the love story is even better than it is in "Nocturne."

"Coquette" is the story of a little East End gutter-girl, Sally Minto; none of the other characters, neither her lover, Toby, nor her husband, Gaga, are more than mere lay-figures; Sally is "Coquette" and she holds the stage from the beginning to the end. In the first dozen pages she meets the youth, Toby, who is to be the love of her life, and in seventy pages more she has given herself to him out of

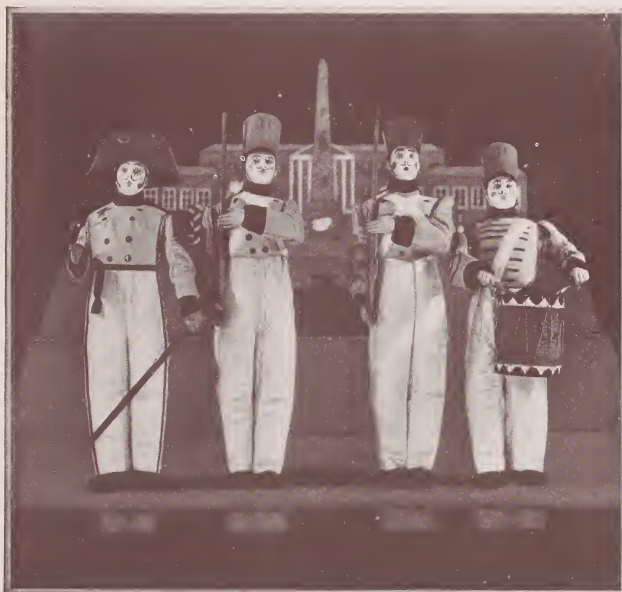
mere sensuality and without his having done any courting to speak of. Everything after this is a sort of anticlimax; the book should have ended in twenty pages more.

Instead of that, the next hundred pages are taken up with details of a West End dressmaking establishment in which Sally shows business ability and finishes up by marrying the son of the proprietor. Then first we are told that Toby, who knows nothing of the marriage, is likely to make trouble and at the end of the next hundred pages he murders the husband, Gaga, and trying to escape, jumps into a river and is drowned incontinently. Sally falls in a faint beside her dead husband and the book ends or is cut off with our curiosity unsatisfied; for what becomes of Sally—Coquette?

The first hundred pages of the book are excellent reading, then the story is drowned in detail and our interest dwines gradually away.

One other point must not be forgotten. The studies of both Jenny and Sally are of very primitive women, and it is the complex woman who interests us today. The Madame Bovarys and the Manon Lescauts, like the Gretchens and the Hettys, all belong to a hundred years or more ago. We want more complex personalities, women that are something more than "the slutish spoil of opportunity." To show that I am not seeking to

(Continued on page 68)



The Chauve- Souris Arrives From Moscow

Special Photographs
for SHADOWLAND
by Maurice Goldberg

Nikita Balieff's Théâtre de la Chauve-Souris, fresh from its successes in Paris and London, has just taken New York by storm. The visit of the Balieff entertainers is due to the admirable venturesome managerial spirit of Morris Gesa. Above: That delightful bit of grotesquerie, "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," a faultless interlude in itself. Right: The Chastoushki interlude, introducing songs of the Russian peasant workers. Here appear Mme. Fechner and MM. Davidoff and Salama





One of the exquisite interludes of the Balieff organization is the Katinka number, done to the music of an old Russian polka and inspired by one of the wooden toy music-boxes made by the Russian peasant artisans. Katinka is presented with fine spirit and color by Mmes. Dianina and Karabanova and M. Dalmatoff

SHADOWLAND



Beauty in
Middle
Europe

Photographs by Key-
stone View Company

*Continental beauty is at
once distinctive and dif-
ferent. SHADOWLAND
herewith presents Mlle.
Riviere de la Frenon-
diere. Below, at the left,
is the famous Viennese
celebrity, Dora Kaiser,
and at the right,
Beatrice Dart.*



The Real Chaliapin

By Louise Bryant

IF Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapin, the great bassobarytone, wore a sheepskin coat and tucked his trousers into high boots, he would look for all the world just what he is—a Russian peasant; huge, blond, clear skinned, Slav eyed. Thru years of hard work and the aid of extraordinary talents, he has made himself an artist of first rank; he has become a great actor as well as a great singer.

But, in spite of his training and the flattery of success and ovations at home and abroad, he has never lost the peculiar simplicity, the easy friendliness, and the expansive naturalness which seem to belong so essentially to men of the soil. One feels about everything he does and says that primitive love of the peasant for "Mother Russia." He never apologizes for his country or the revolution. Pride is in his voice, in his heart, and in his eye, when he mentions Russia; he will serve her faithfully and well, whether a tsar sits in the Kremlin, or a workman like Sverdlov or a peasant like Kalenin; they are all Russians?

Thru all the cosmopolitan conditions of a singer's life, Chaliapin remains Russian. Recently, when the rest of the Metropolitan Opera stage was ringing to the sound of soft Italian vocalics, Chaliapin sang in his own sharper, more dramatic native tongue.

Off-stage he carries a Russian atmosphere about with him. Even his conventional suite in the Hotel Weylan was affected. Books, letters, papers, were piled on the grand piano in fine confusion. An old-fashioned Russian gentleman was in the reception-room, toying with his cane. He immediately began to ask all sorts of personal questions and told us a lot of things about himself. Chaliapin's valet, a curious little man about five feet tall, who has the appearance of a too-large dwarf and who wears a fearsome black, curled-at-the-end mustache and striped trousers, entered into the general conversation, as well as the young woman who acts as secretary. Not



FEODOR IVANOVITCH CHALIAPIN

Above and beyond politics—are

animated conversation about Russia in general and art in particular. Chaliapin, like all good Russians, shouted when he was interested in what he was saying, moved his huge body, flung out his arms, gesticulated, or struck the table. We had an appointment for fifteen minutes, but we remained at least an hour . . .

"You ask me why the Russian theater has not advanced since the revolution and I say—why not look at it quite another way? Think how amazing it is that the Russian theater has held its own—in spite of the revolution! Don't you realize what vitality it had to have, to have done that? When a house is burning, no one thinks of reconstructing it while it is still on fire. A revolution is like a fire; it burns and destroys, but something new is surely built up in place of the old . . . and forces are released. Even now experiments are being tried. One cannot tell how they will end—one can only hope and imagine."

(Continued on page 67)

knowing I had spent much time in Russia, she volunteered the information that "Chaliapin is just a baby" and "has to be looked after every minute." I recalled that, like Gorki, he had begun his existence in the direst poverty and could only wonder at such a curious sudden softness. But I had no time to be surprised, for just at that moment Chaliapin, himself, came into the room looking as strong as a giant and wreathed in welcoming smiles.

"Charmed!" he exclaimed. "I am so glad to see you. Ask me anything you wish . . . it will be nice to have a talk." All this he said in French and then suddenly he thought himself. "I am one of those bad exceptions among Russians . . . foreign languages are difficult for me. I cannot speak English at all."

My companion said that he could speak Russian and if I did not understand everything he would interpret. This seemed to put Chaliapin at ease and we sat down round a small table and fell at once into an

SHADOWLAND



ADA MAE WEEKS

*A vivacious principal of the George M. Cohan
musical hit, "The O'Brien Girl!"
Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston*

De Maupassant: Vagabond Faun

By Benjamin de Casseres

GUY DE MAUPASSANT was a strange ethereal beast, a satyr at sprawl amid the lilies, a star-gazing butterfly meshed in compost. His written works are the *de profundis* of a great spirit, a *miserere* chanted in a crypt. There is everywhere in his works the record of a great agony, a ceaseless conflict with devils, a sincerity pitiless and pitiful. His poetical fancy, as elusive as the sheen on the waterfall, bruised its gossamer envelope at every turn against some nameless Shape. This dread shadow blocked his path like a sewer-rat, crouched on the path of a running child.

What is the secret of these souls that come into life with a sure knowledge of life's worthlessness? Where are those secrets learned? On what worlds of magnificent possibilities had the spiritual eye of Flaubert, De Maupassant and Schopenhauer gazed that with the sure instinct which urges the average mortal to take his pleasure bade these men spurn what is here? What profound mystery lies behind the possession of powers that by no possibility can be used on this early stage, constructed for the marionettes of the instinctive, the puppets of the sexual and the stomachic! From what mystic Utopia had De Maupassant fared that this earth seemed to him little else than a scudding ball of ordure and the days of man hierarchies of the petty? With what gods had he conversed that the speech of mankind was to him ape-chatter?

The great cynic and the great idealist—and a cynic is an idealist temporarily bankrupt—belong to an order of their own—and that order is not the earth-order. Their souls in some fine foretime, unfettered by inelastic flesh coverings, had hurtled thru super-lunar spaces in the ecstasy begotten of unlimited power; a pause, a misstep, and they are immured in clay-wrappings and are condemned to live and record.

Ignorance makes for happiness, and limits that the crowd believes to be ultimates, whether they be physical, intellectual, or religious—limits at which a priest or lawyer has affixed a flaming sword—numb the will and generate that easy acquiescence in things as they are. "Happy are those whom life satisfies, who are amused and content," sighs De Maupassant. For him nothing changed—the

days were monotonous strummed upon catgut. When he went into the street, the same man met him who met him the day before; their gestures were the same; their faces differed from one another only in the degree of stupidity which the flesh records registered; they shuffled, they haggled, they drank, they ate, and haggled again, and, when the shadows of the sun grew long on the Parisian boulevards, they shambled, shuffled home by the million. "And for this, man was born?" asked the great French pessimist, brooding on the mob's docility, its unchangeable stupidity, its indestructible illusions, its adamantine asininity.

With a diabolical frankishness he liked to peer at the people at play, at work, at prayers; dissect their virtues, which he knew to be masks for their sinister lusts; wonder at their clinging to life like soft mud to a cart's wheel—and tho the wheel and its endless gyrations flattened them to a slimy ooze, still they rebelled not! He wondered at that great Policeman of the people whom they called God, with his Scotland Yard methods and Puck-like pranks. De Maupassant's contempts were built up of impotent rage and a consciousness of his own transcendent vision—a vision that gave us the finest short story in the world—"The Necklace."

Like Amiel, his soul was constantly gnawed by a consciousness of the Infinite—not that concept of the Infinite that terrorizes, but the Infinite split into infinite shadowy goals that some minds pass before they have begun the race. To these minds the infinite is a process, not a thing; not the water that runs thru the hand, but the spirit of elusiveness that animates the disappearing-reappearing, tantalizing flow. Mentally, they are inversions, not perversions. The commonplace, everyday being works from the layers of the concrete up to the abstract; his idea of time is founded on the clocks he has seen; life has first to batter his pate to a pulp before he can apprehend the idea of universal pain. But the order of beings of which Guy de Maupassant is a type evolves in a way that is diametrically opposed to the average mortal. Their souls at birth are a conflux of ideas, and they burrow their

(Cont'd on page 61)



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

CLAIRE WINDSOR

The pretty actress of the silverscreen

SHADOWLAND



NETTIE RAINES

*A new musical comedy personality
Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston*

Certain Aspects of the Theatrical Season

By Louis Raymond Reid

IN many respects the theatrical season of 1921-1922 is the most unusual in the history of the New York stage. Regarded in the managerial offices as a particularly disastrous period, it has at the same time been featured by a number of remarkable aspects. The drama has fared badly with few exceptions, whereas musical plays have attracted large and profitable patronage. What is the reason for this condition? Does it lie in the reaction from the war, a reaction which is still expressed in jazz and the frivolities of the moment, the *media* most easily obtainable in the universal search for forgetfulness? Or do musical comedies bring a form of entertainment that cannot be duplicated on the screen and therefore possess a special appeal? At all events, the musical plays, good, bad and indifferent, have recorded successful engagements. I can recall but one entertainment of this character—and this deserved and received the general criticism of "terrible"—which is listed as a failure. I refer to "Suzette." All the others have been moderately or enormously successful.

America maintains its prestige in the presentation of musical plays. No other nation can approach the brilliance, the zest, the artistic expression that we display year after year in musical comedy production. Our dramatists, with the exception of such writers as Eugene O'Neill, are below the standards of the Europeans. Come

to librettists, composers, lyricists and their assistants, the scenic artists, the costumers and, most important of all, the jury that selects the legs and faces of the chorus, and Europe falls far behind. There was a time when the London Gaiety stood for something; when Daly's in London suggested superiority of musical production; when Vienna was responsible for tuneful waltz operas. But that time has receded into the limbo of the almost forgotten stage door Johnny, impersonations of Bryan, Abe Hummel and "Diamond Jim" Brady.

There was a time when all of the superior musical comedies came from the Thames or the Danube. It was the day of Paul Rubens, of Lionel Monckton, of Franz Lehar; of George Edwardes, of George Grossmith.

In the last ten years America has developed its own musical com-

edy hierarchy. It flourishes triumphant. It sends its products to London and receives the approbation of the most discriminating clubmen of Piccadilly. Distinction, indeed! The elderly votaries of Dewar and Haig know nothing if not their musical comedies. They built a fortune for Edwardes and now they are building one for Grossmith, who shrewdly imports American goods.

Call the roll and we have present Jerome Kern, Louis Hirsch, Sigmund Romberg, P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Irving Berlin, Anne Caldwell. We look in another direction and we find Ziegfeld, Shubert, Harris and Dillingham. This group, practically controls the musical comedy output of America. Such a list has attained the lofty isolation of prosperity, but it required years of endeavor to reach such precious exclusiveness. It meant the happy combination of a number of essentially American characteristics—the native gift for rhythm, the native zest and gusto, the unsurpassed pulchritude of our young girls. It is not a pinnacle from which we easily can be dislodged. The waltz operettas may continue to come from Vienna, but they will be Americanized quite thoroughly before they reach Broadway. The same is true of the English musical plays.

There was a ready public for such fundamentally British productions as "Three Little Maids," "Florodora," "The Belle of Mayfair," "The Belle of Brittany," and

"The Arcadians." America was in the primer school of musical comedy at the time. With the advancing years she not only has equaled the British works in general merit, but she has become infinitely superior. The Strand may boast of its past, but Broadway has its present—it's "Sally," "Music Box Revue," "Good Morning, Dearie," "Ziegfeld Follies," and "Greenwich Village Follies." Let the eagle scream while it can; it will not have the opportunity in the drama.

Turning to other fields of entertainments, America is, as usual, left far in the rear. Our drama languishes because we have not developed the spirit to produce literature. We follow the standards pretty generally of the frontier kerosene days. The curse of comedy drama is upon us with its crude blending of humor and pathos, its

(Cont'd on page 69)



Photograph by Ira L. Hill Studio

LIONEL ATWILL

Starring with success this season in "The Grand Duke"



As Music From the Olden Years

Special Studies for SHADOWLAND
by Kenneth Alexander

The world of the cinema has no more charming inhabitants than the Gish sisters—Lillian and Dorothy. There is something exquisitely elusive and tender about their personalities—as of a half-forgotten melody. There is in Dorothy a suggestion of the vivacious old-time polka, while Lillian is the very incarnate spirit of the graceful minuet.





"The Orphans of the Storm," D. W. Griffith's latest cinema spectacle, brings new laurels to Lillian Gish. Indeed, it establishes her at the very forefront of American screen actresses



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

MARGARET MOWER

*Who won unusual laurels in Dunsany playlets with
Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Players, and who appeared
this season in "The Fair Circassian"*

The Artist of the Theater

A Colloquy Between Eugene G. O'Neill and Oliver M. Saylor

SCENE.—Peaked Hill Bar, Provincetown, Mass.
TIME.—Midsummer, 1921.

THE CRITIC: I wonder whether you have ever faced the responsibility of the artist in the theater, the responsibility of becoming, if possible, what Gordon Craig has defined as the artist of the theater. Take a look at yourself. More than any of our playwrights, you are perfecting your mastery of the craft of the dramatic author. But what do you know of the other crafts of your profession? What are you doing to equip yourself to carry thru to their full realization—on a stage before an audience—the dreams that you dream?

Craig, you know, insists that the artist of the theater, when he comes, must be "capable of inventing and rehearsing a play; of writing any necessary music; capable of designing and superintending the construction of both scenery and costume; and of inventing such machinery as is needed and the lighting that is to be used."

Now, it seems to me that, as a playwright, you are in a position very like that of the scenic designer. As those who follow the affairs of the theater may recall, Robert Edmond Jones recently expressed his doubts on this point in these words: "What are the designers of scenery who have caught the spirit of the new theater going to do? Must we quit for a while and sit back and wait for the producers to catch up with us?" And my answer was: "No. That's no solution. You yourselves will simply have to learn to produce." To produce, my dear O'Neill, in the broadest sense of the word—to devise the dramatic action and then with intelligence won thru experience to direct, if not actually to carry out, all the interweaving processes by which that action comes to life in a theater.

THE PLAYWRIGHT: The superman of the theater? Like Nietzsche's, a too-rigorous ideal for the finite potentiality of the present, working under infinite handicaps. The artist, until he grows many planes beyond and above his present power of concentration, will only achieve—at best—a harmoni-

ous mediocrity by the attempt to become protean creator. Jack of all trades, he will lose his mastery of the one—like Gordon Craig himself. In a quaking, hectic age it is difficult enough for the artist to conserve his soul and hew to his own line.

THE CRITIC: But what else are you achieving now except a rather superior mediocrity? I grant you may, with fortune, approximate your dream with the assistance of Arthur Hopkins as producer and Robert Jones as designer and Ben-Ami or John Barrymore as interpreting actor. But you will only approximate it. Just as Hopkins and Jones and the rest will approximate theirs. Each one of you will have to study more closely the craft of the others before you can fully achieve. Perhaps even then you will work together as you do now—in much the same relationship. But you will understand each other better, to the advantage of the unity of your art. And one of you—it doesn't matter much which—will have the guiding hand in each particular work of art you produce.

THE PLAYWRIGHT: Speaking from a playwright's angle, tho, I cannot imagine myself writing a play and at the same time seeing it—creating it—from the standpoint of the scenic artist, the director, etc. Yet if I were creative in all these crafts, I would be bedeviled by each and all at every moment of creation. The necessary compromises within myself at this point might result in an unprecedented unity in the production—i. e., the produced play—but I am sure the inner spiritual and psychological unity of the written play as a thing-in-itself would be destroyed. Would I not be tempted to write my play, partly at least, for an end outside itself—for my theater instead of any theater, the dream theater, no theater at all? After all, is not the written play a thing? Is not "Hamlet," seen in the dream theater of the imagination as one reads, a greater play than "Hamlet" interpreted even by a perfect production? The latter would lack the unity of the first. If Shake-
(Cont'd on page 66)



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

PAULINE LORD

Who has achieved unusual success this season in Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie"



CHESTER HALE

Francis Bruguiere's study of a young dancer who has attracted considerable attention in "The Music Box Revue" and who has appeared with unusual success in South America and on the Continent

On Jules Laforgue

By Babette Deutsch

THE ironic intellection of Jules Laforgue has impressed itself upon English poetry like the thumbprint of a sculptor at the base of his clay. His importation into poetry of the argot of the street and of the laboratory, his mystic pessimism charged with a sense of the absurd, his artful internal rhymes and sensitiveness to cadence, are to our contemporaries what the wick is to the candle; the firm and slender substance of their light.

Coughing his lungs away at the age of twenty-seven, what could this poor pale boy have done to be so flattered by imitation more than thirty years after his death? "He died too young for one to judge him," wrote Remy de Gourmont, "one loves him." Yet both De Gourmont and George Moore found it necessary to give a word to his briefly flaring genius, and more than one scholarly review of him has been the work of his latter-day compatriots. It is true that one cannot appraise him, less because of his youth, than because of the mercurial quality of his verse. But, excited by his skeptical intensity, one tries again to render him the small justice of critical recognition.

The facts of his life are sparse enough. "A good Bréton, born in the tropics" (Uruguay), the young man left Tarbes for Paris in 1876, where he starved and studied until, at the age of twenty-one, he was appointed lector to the German empress. The unhappy eremit, nourished on Schopenhauer and Hartmann, was suddenly plunged into a delicious bath of leisure and literature—and rich living. Before that he had suffered two years of solitude in the libraries, "sans love, sans friend—the fear of death. Nights of meditation in the air of Sinai." It was then that he played the ascetic "au petit Boud-dha," living on two eggs, a glass of water, and five hours of books a day. The change of atmosphere, he wrote to his sister, "turned my brain as one turns an omelette."

It is not surprising that his *Complaintes*, published in 1885, should give his Schopenhauerian pessimism a shrewd turn. The few thin volumes that followed show an acerbity increasingly ironical. His critical sense rides his youthful *Weltschmerz*. The posthumously published *Derniers Vers* was drawn, like *Le Concile Fê-rique*, from a manuscript which the poet

himself suppressed as unworthy of publication.

He was not destined to exercise his voracious faculties much longer. In 1885 he left Berlin with the little English girl, Leah Lee, whom, in London, he made "mine for life." Life meant two years. It has been said that the girl carried her own firewood up to their Paris garret. But it is certain that a few friends climbed the steep stairs regularly enough, and did what they could for the young foreign wife and her sick poet. He died in 1887.

A year earlier Rimbaud's *Marine*, written long before, appeared in *La Vogue* for May. This was the first *vers libre* ever published. In August Laforgue's *L'Hiver qui vient*, also in *vers libre*, was printed in the same periodical. To these poets, with Gustave Kahn, we may trace the beginnings of the new technique, which Kahn and Laforgue invented simultaneously. In a *Fragment Sur Rimbaud* Laforgue speaks of him as a "precocious and absolute flower, without before or after." But it is perhaps truer that the author of the *Fragment* was himself the "after." He worked exclusively in *vers libre*, innocent of the hemistich *cæsura* and the other earmarks of classicism, until in *Les Derniers Vers* he began the practice of *vers libre*.

It is curious that the critics, speaking of Laforgue's technique, subordinate it almost completely to his thought.

They see his restless intelligence, moving easily and with gaiety among the tragic facts of existence, and they believe that he cared too much for ideas to concern himself with music or plasticity. His *vers libre* is merely a shift in which he clothes his thought, to allow it the freest motion. Even Laforgue's earliest work is in direct contradiction to this. Technique was obviously not a matter of finding some loose, lovely garment for his thinking to wear. His verse, whether *libre* or *libre*, is complex musically as well as intellectually: a complexity that is the result of passionate thinking about style as much as about life. Because he is an artist, it is practically impossible to divorce his style from his thought; but certainly he studied the former for its own sake. The movement of such a poem as *L'Hiver qui vient*, which sets the tone of the entire body (Cont'd on page 63)



Photograph by Nikolas Muray

BETTY WILLIAMS

One of the piquant personalities of "The Midnight Frolic"

SHADOWLAND



BEN-AMI

An original etching

By William Anerbach-Levy

The Perennial Beerbohm

By Alfred Kreymborg

WHEN I sallied forth from Rome recently on the long sea-coast trip to the town in the Italian Riviera where a visit awaited me with Gordon Craig (*vide* a previous article in SHADOWLAND), I had still another notorious Englishman to bag—a next-door neighbor of Craig's—quite as prominent a figure (tho much smaller in stature) as Craig's, in a field far removed from the theater—a gentleman who has held sway in the realm of exquisite satire for the past twenty-five years and who unostentatiously threatens to continue in that office for an indefinite period to come; in short, one Max Beerbohm.

When my train pulled in (after twelve hours' of puffing, dragging, stretching, shoving, bumping), I had no idea of the reception in store for me. I knew these two playboys to be the arch devils of England (most natural that they should live in proximity), and it was with trepidation that I trusted myself, with one eye forward and the other behind in wait for treacherous pitfalls, to the snug little town that harbors the twain. I was met by Craig's son—himself a chip of the old—and was acquainted with the mysterious intelligence that we should leave to start for "home" in a boat! Hm, what sort of a boat—not a sail-boat? No, a row-boat would do. But why a boat at all? Do you live on an island? No, we

live on the mainland; you can see the house from here. But why not drive there, or still better, walk—since I'd been riding for so many stiff-jointed hours. Well—well indeed—the boat was not to be had—the natives were busy with *dolce far niente*—for which I blessed them with an ample sigh—no telling what would have transpired! So the fell secret had to be disclosed: "Father and Mr. Beerbohm" were taking their daily bath in the Mediterranean—whither I was to be led—the pilgrim from America—voyaging like Columbus (the latter born in Genoa, less than an hour away)—and voyaging thus, coming upon two strange dolphins. I confess that had I seen those illustrious gentlemen, for the first time, in bathing suits, the shock would have finished me.

But, said I to myself, Craig taking his daily dip—I can comprehend that—but

Beerbohm?—it is incredible—the man must be eighty years old—what's he flirting with water for at that age? —I've been hearing about him almost from the day I was born! Well, the joke is on me. I soon learned that Max Beerbohm is not yet fifty.

Examine Beerbohm's earliest caricatures—the things that brought him fame at eighteen—or his earliest writings—the things that increased his fame at twenty-two; they are so mature, so complete an expression in themselves, that one might easily fall to the conclusion that a man in his full growth had composed them. But Beerbohm was not an infant prodigy, not one of those monstrous entities who perform prodigies in their youth and then explode and scatter. The history of art is strewn with these latter. One used to see so many examples of them that one was prone to greet each newcomer with: Yes, awfully dazzling, but the fellow went last. There are, on the other hand, enough cases where the infant has grown beyond the prodigy to level one's amazement concerning Beerbohm. One need only think of Mozart. Or if you want an opposite extreme in the present, of Picasso. The record of Mendelssohn doesn't apply. He wrote the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at seventeen. It was mature work. When he took up his pen again to complete that score—

fully twenty years later, I believe—the music was identical with that of the overture. Mendelssohn had not developed. Beerbohm has. A reference to his most recent publication, "Seven Men," in some respects, one of the most sustained flights into prose artistry of recent years, should answer any skeptic on this point.

At twenty-three, Beerbohm writes: "I shall write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to the Beardsley period"—(Beardsley and Beerbohm were born on the same day, in 1872)—"Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasm, have pressed forward since then. *Cedo junioribus*. Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well. I have (Cont'd on page 64)



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

MARY LEWIS

One of the pretty members of "The Midnight Frolic"

SHADOWLAND



MARTHA GRAHAM
In a Javanese dance interlude
Photographic study by Nickolas Muray

Musical Spain in the United States

By

Pitts
Sanborn



Photograph by Witcombe, Buenos Aires



A promising representative of Spain is the barytone, Vicente Ballester, from Barcelona. Ballester is shown above in "Rigoletto," as given by the Chicago Opera Company. Marguerite d'Alvarez, at the left, is a Spanish-American singer of high promise

CORTEZ and his followers may have sung rude sailor chanteys as they scaled the peak of Darien; Pizarro and his comrades on the Andean slope toward Cuzco may have intoned the solemn canticles of

the Church, but neither the early Conquistadors nor the colonists that followed to the two Americas brought the music of Spain to the New World in any essence that should become a ponderable entity, a determining artistic motive in the growing fabric of western civilization. Such wisps of Spanish folk-song, such echoes of Spanish ecclesiastical modes, as migrated with the people to the newly explored hemisphere, have scarcely strayed beyond the indolent tranquillity of the *hacienda* and the adobe barriers of the parish church.

So it came about that for us in these United States, Spanish music long meant "Carmen"—a French opera by a French composer. And yet, except for Spanish dance rhythms in three or four pieces, one authentic Spanish tune, (the "Habanera" sung by Carmen at her entrance), and here and there a particularly languorous turn of

(Continued on page 62)

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood



The Krazy Kat Ballet

Adolph Bolm, whose Ballet Intime has been contributing so much to the dance in America, has just created a ballet around the comic supplement character, Krazy Kat, a favorite of all readers of the Hearst newspapers. It is the first time that a serious attempt has been made to build a ballet around anything so distinctly American as the comic supplement. At the left Mr. Bolm appears himself as Herriman's creation, Krazy Kat. Below appear Officer Pup and the eminent Ignatz Mouse. Naturally, the ballet is built around Ignatz's fine "teckneek" in bounding a brick off the soulful Krazy's dome

Special
Photographs
for
SHADOWLAND
by
Maurice
Goldberg



The Dynamic Dramatist

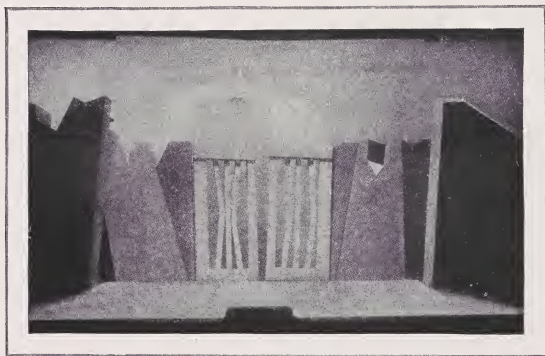
Georg Kaiser and his New Dramatic Forms

By Herman George Scheffauer

GEORG Kaiser is a phenomenon, a concentration, a compression of the cultural, industrial and artistic forces of our day. These forces, working first upon and then within him, have now been released, under intense pressure as thru a valve, and expanded into a new, authentic and expressionistic form of dramatic art. This art and the form in which it confronts us, is still so strange, so disturbing, that we overlook the fact that it is the logical resultant, the inevitable evolution of our present-day civilization. If we face this bright, naked mirror with open eyes, we shall behold in it the features of our own modernity. If we place our ears against the lattice-work of his metallic lines, we shall hear the hum, the vibrations of the engine that drives our epoch onward. In other words, Kaiser has found a finished dramatic form, a conventional stage-speech for our age, or perhaps only for our decade, so noisy, yet so inarticulate.

The plays of Georg Kaiser and the matter and the speech of his plays are so anticipant, so filled with the spirit of to-morrow, that we forget that they are compact of today—that he has precipitated the mountainous materialism, and also the planetary dreams of our epoch—as the prophetic poet crystallizes an age into a play or poem. He is so intensely cosmopolitan in his philosophy, so German in the universality of his world-ideals, that we—Colossus-of-Rhodus-like—must have our mental feet planted in both hemispheres to be able to realize that this man, this poet with the close-cropped head, sleepy eyes and bored, unintellectual look, has found or rather invented a form of expression, of verbal and dramatic dynamics—which should have been the esthetic expression and distillation of our own mechanistic American civilization! Here, I say, in the work of this modern European dramatist, America has found its mechanical, its ideological and its idealistic apotheosis. It may not be the America of today, but it is America as the antithesis to Europe.

Georg Kaiser is the singer, or rather the artistic exploiter of the Cyclopean forces that exploit the world and human life—money, industry, machines, mechanics and motor energies. His plays, in their structure and in the ratchet and gear-work of the surcharged dialog that drives the action along, have something of the



ACT IV OF KAISER'S DRAMA, "GAS"
Setting designed by Carl Jakob Hirsch

relentless will and directness of machines. But this Magdeburger of forty-two is also the prophet of a great, solar human love, fructifying anew the sandy, sucked-out Earth, the smoke-blasted heath of industrialism, into a blessed garden, converting the slag-heaps of civilization into maternal fields, erasing the sulphurous fogs from the skies, as with

a sponge, and letting the gonfalon of a new hope fly there, seeking to convert the fiery world-sirocco in which only Cyclops, slaves and salamanders can breathe, into a climate fit for a new race, rejuvenated, regenerated.

He has built up his own ship-shape system of ethics, his own moralities, and he has the courage and ruthlessness of his own ideas and his own extraordinary talents. And also intellectual perversities and blind spots. A short time ago this gifted man, whose plays were acted thruout Germany and in most of the adjoining lands, succumbed to a half-artistic, half-social craving for luxuries even greater than his liberal royalties allowed him. His arrest and arraignment in a Munich court was one of the sensations of Germany. He was charged with having sold the carpets and furniture of a handsome villa he had rented at Starnberger See. With cold, imperturbable consequentiality from his own premises, he set up the thesis that in comparison with the spiritual and esthetic values, the edification, which he had given the public, nay, the whole world, the selling of a few rugs or bits of furniture, belonging, temporarily, to a unit of that public, was absolutely negligible. The court refused to acknowledge the thesis that because Kaiser had done great work, he was also free to commit petty deeds—and enforced the law, whilst taking due account of the spirit that should prevail over it, by making the sentence light.

Kaiser has invented and built up, almost as one invents and builds some scientific apparatus, a new technique, a new convention of the modern drama. Some of his early literary origins may be traced to Carl Sternheim, but this world upon which he lifts the curtain is indisputably his own. He has made the genius of the age vocal by finding this dramatic form for him, freed him from matter by giving him this formal prison of art. He shows us a world of infinite mechanical intricacy,

(Continued on page 59)



Ann of the Varieties

Special Photographs by
Clara E. Sipprell

Ann Linn is now dancing in vaudeville with Lou Lockett. An interesting variety personality of decided verve, she first came to attention as première danseuse of the Oriental spectacle, "Chu Chin Chow"



The Dynamic Dramatist

(Continued from page 57)

the whole globe one panting organism, like a factory, transcendently scientific, the whole of mankind divided into masters and serfs, one throbbing, quivering entity of pitiless work—reduced by him to a few shining and singing symbols. He has broken into the conventional speech and gesture of the stage. His characters, even those of heroic, melodramatic will and dimensions, are puppets in the thrall of huge, overshadowing powers—mobilized machines, world-organizations, leagues, industries, trusts.

The Fates and the Pities are grimly, darkly imminent in these dramas—eternal alternations of Salvation and Doom—the human will finding a way out of the *impasse*—to be blocked and thwarted again by human folly. His characters are stripped of the personal and sublimated into types, abstractions of human will, thought or emotion—the Gentleman in White, the Billionaire's Son, the Daughter, Engineer, First Gentleman in Black, Officer, Mother, Workman, Yellow Figure, Blue Figure, etc. Their speech is stripped to the utmost; it is hard and hammered like metal, a skeleton speech. It is the stenography of thought, a telegraphic tongue, signals of mental processes, flashing up from the switchboard of never-resting brains. It is a speech abrupt, staccato, short of every redundancy, often dropping the very articles before the words—intensely packed and compressed with the kernel, the extract of meaning—expressionistic. This sometimes brings about a certain obscurity, so that all the sharp, harsh angles of the language enshroud themselves with a glow of mysticism—like a bar of superheated steel in a rose-red or incandescent aura. And a new music rises from this swift, percussive dialog.

The gestures are suited to the words. The actors move and gesticulate with abrupt, studied, mechanical, almost marionette-like movements, reminding one at times of the two-dimensional profile figures on Egyptian or Assyrian friezes. Yet these gestures run the gamut of all the passions. They become furious and formidable, stormy as hammer-blows, as when the Workmen and Workwomen speak from the iron pulpit in the gloom of the wrecked machine-hall—they become mellow and plastic as when the Son of the Billionaire delivers his modern Sermon on the Mount amidst a chaos of gigantic concrete slabs like upheaved gravestones—upon the ruins of his work.

Let us take of the sixteen plays which Kaiser has written—among them, "The Burgers of Calais," "King Cuckold," "The Sorina," "Europa," "From Morn to Midnight," "The Coral," "The Fire

in the Opera House," "Hell, Way, Earth"—the most characteristic and best-known, "Gas," (Part I). This strange drama is a sequel to "*Die Koralle*"—a tale of titanic conflicts between the autocratic man of millions, a hero of Napoleonic traits, a masterly criminal, yet capable of unbendable principles and noblest sacrifices, and of his son consumed with an altruistic passion. The daemon, the *deus in machina* of the play is a new chemical invention, a subtle gas with which all the engines of all the world are driven. The climax is a cataclysmic explosion which not only disrupts the great central station, but the whole social fabric. But mankind will not listen to the voice of the repentant inventor, will not return to a happy pastoral life and let the gas rest, as the altruistic reformer exhorts them to do. The Engineer, the man of action and "progress," triumphs and the world spins once more to the raving tempo of Gas. This desperate and impetuous drama is linked to the destinies of three generations, too each play is rounded in itself. In Part II the Son of the Billionaire's Son, the bare-footed, rough-clad Billionaire-Workman, leads the forces of labor against Mammon at the close. The red glass sphere trembles in his hand, ready to be flung amidst the works and convert the gas into poison-gas—the one self-devastating weapon left him against the artillery of the besieging powers. A Judgment Day for Humanity. A Yellow Figure in a gas-helmet stalks over bleached skeletons—*Dies Ira*—Resurrection!

Kaiser has also in collaboration with Karl Jakob Hirsch of *The Volksbühne*, Berlin, devised his scenery in harmony with his play. Here, too, rigidity, stark economy, almost barrenness reign. The first scene of "Gas" (Part I) reveals a vast square white room, the office of the Billionaire's Son. The rear wall is entirely of glass in huge squares. To right and left on the walls are great charts with tables and diagrams in black and white. Two desks, two or three chairs of austere design. Visible thru the glass wall, in a murky violet light, the steep and thronged shapes of great chimney stacks from which flame and smoke pour in straight lines. Faint bursts of music come and go. A young secretary at the smaller desk. Enters noiselessly the Gentleman in White, a strange whimsical phantom figure entirely in white, including his chalk-white face. He surveys the room, tip-toes towards the Secretary, touches him upon the shoulder. The following dialog—which I have permitted to run on to the close of the first act—ensues. Question and answers ricochet back and forth like projectiles. The tempo of the play is at

once communicated to the audience, its haste, the brooding, nerve-racking tension of impending disaster:

G. IN W.: Music?
SECRETARY: (Turns up a startled face to him.)

G. IN W.: (Listens to sounds from overhead, nodds.)

SECRETARY: How do you happen—

G. IN W.: Quite casually. A certain noiselessness—achieved by rubber soles. (Seats himself in chair before desk, crosses legs.) The Chief?—busy? Upstairs?

SECRETARY: What do you wish?

G. IN W.: A dancing party?

SECRETARY: (In growing haste and confusion.) There's a wedding—overhead.

G. IN W.: (With pointing finger.) The Chief—or—?

SECRETARY: The Daughter—and the Officer.
G. IN W.: Then, of course, he can't be seen at present—the Chief?

SECRETARY: We have no chief—here—

G. IN W.: (Switching round.) Interesting! Assuming that you are not too deeply engaged in delicate calculations—the wage-schedules there—?

SECRETARY: We have no wage-schedules—here!

G. IN W.: That piles up the interest. This touches the core of things. (Pointing thru window.) This gigantic establishment going full blast—and no chief—no wage-schedules—?

SECRETARY: We work—and we share!

G. IN W.: (Pointing to wall.) The diagrams? (Kissing and reading table.) Three divisions. Up to thirty years, Scale One. Up to forty years, Scale Two. Over forty, Scale Three. A simple bit of arithmetic. Profit-sharing according to age. (To Secretary.) An invention of your Chief—who refuses to be a chief?

SECRETARY: Because he does not wish to be richer than others!

G. IN W.: Was he ever rich?

SECRETARY: He is the Son of the Billionaire!

G. IN W.: (Smiling.) So he advanced to the very periphery of wealth and then returned to its center—to its core—. And you work?

SECRETARY: Every man works to his utmost!

G. IN W.: Because you get your share of the total earnings?

SECRETARY: And that's why we work harder here than anywhere else on earth!

G. IN W.: I suppose you produce something worth such an effort?

SECRETARY: Gas!

G. IN W.: (Blows thru his hollowed hand.)

SECRETARY: (Excited.) Haven't you heard of the gas we produce?

G. IN W.: (Also shows excitement.)

SECRETARY: Coal and water-power are out of date. This new source of energy drives millions of machines at super-speed. We furnish the power. Our gas feeds the industry of the entire world!

G. IN W.: (At window.) Day and night—fire and smoke?

SECRETARY: We have attained the acme of our achievement!

G. IN W.: (Returning.) Because poverty is abolished?

SECRETARY: Our intensive efforts create—create!

G. IN W.: Because profits are shared?

SECRETARY: Gas!

G. IN W.: And suppose sometime the gas—should—

SECRETARY: The work must go on—not a moment's pause! We are working for ourselves—not for the pockets of others. No

SHADOWLAND

loading—no strikes. The work goes on without a pause. There will always be gas!

G. IN W.: And suppose sometime the gas should—explode?

SECRETARY: (Stares at him.)

G. IN W.: What then?

SECRETARY: (Speechless.)

G. IN W.: (Breathes the words directly into his face.) The White Horror! (Rising to full height, listening to sounds overhead.) Music. (Falling half way to door.) Valse. (Goes out, slowly.)

SECRETARY: (In growing consternation, finally seizes telephone, almost screaming.) The Engineer! (His eyes dart back and forth between the doors to right and left.)

[ENTER ENGINEER FROM RIGHT, IN FROCK COAT]

ENGINEER: What—

[ENTER WORKMAN FROM LEFT, GREATLY EXCITED, IN WHITE BLOUSE]

SECRETARY: (Pointing with outstretched arm at Workman.) There—!

ENGINEER: (To Workman.) Are you looking for me?

WORKMAN: (Surprised.) I was just coming to report to you.

ENGINEER: (To Secretary.) But you had already telephoned me!

SECRETARY: Because—

ENGINEER: Did you receive a report?

SECRETARY: (Shakes head, points to Workman.) This man—

ENGINEER: Has just come.

SECRETARY: —was bound to come!

ENGINEER: (Someone disquieted.) What has happened?

WORKMAN: The gas in the sight-tube shows color.

ENGINEER: Color!

WORKMAN: It is still only a tinge.

ENGINEER: Growing deeper?

WORKMAN: Visibly.

ENGINEER: What color?

WORKMAN: A light rose.

ENGINEER: Are you not mistaken?

WORKMAN: I have been watching it carefully.

ENGINEER: How long?

SECRETARY: (Impulsively.) Ten minutes?

WORKMAN: Yes.

ENGINEER: How do you know that?

SECRETARY: Wouldn't it be best to ring up—upstairs?

ENGINEER: (Telephones.) Engineer. Report from Central Station—sight-tube shows color. I'll inspect personally. (To Workman.) Come along. (Both go out.)

SECRETARY: (Suddenly throws up his arms, then runs out screaming.) We're done for—we're done for!

[ENTER FROM RIGHT, BILLIONAIRE'S SON—SIXTY YEARS OLD—AND OFFICER IN RED UNIFORM]

OFFICER: Is there any cause for serious alarm?

B.'s SON: I am waiting for the Engineer's report. Nevertheless, I am glad you are both going. I wanted to say a word about the fortune which my daughter is bringing you. (Takes a book out of his writing-table.)

OFFICER: I thank you.

B.'s SON: You need not thank me. It is her mother's money. It ought to be considerable. I have no mind for such things.

OFFICER: An officer is forced—

B.'s SON: You love each other—I offered no objection.

OFFICER: I shall guard your daughter, whom you are confiding to my hands, as I would my own honor.

B.'s SON: (Opening book.) Here is the amount of the funds and where they are deposited. Select an efficient banker and take his advice. That is necessary.

OFFICER: (Reads, then in amazement.) We shall certainly require a banker to manage all this!

B.'s SON: Because the capital is a large one? I did not mean it that way.

OFFICER: Please explain.

B.'s SON: What you have now you have for the entire future. You must not expect anything from me. Not now and not later. I shall leave nothing. My principles are sufficiently well known—they must also be familiar to you.

OFFICER: It is not likely that we—

B.'s SON: No one can tell. As long as money is piled up, money will go lost. Conditions based on money are always uncertain. I feel I must tell you this, so that later on I may feel no responsibility. You have married the daughter of a workman—I am nothing more. I will not conceal from you the fact that I would rather that my daughter's mother had not left her a fortune. But I exercise authority only in my own province, and I never attempt to force anyone into this. Not even my daughter.

[ENTER DAUGHTER—IN TRAVELING DRESS —FROM RIGHT]

DAUGHTER: Why must we hurry off this way?

OFFICER: (Kissing her hand.) How warm you still are from the dance.

B.'s SON: I should not like the marriage-festival to end in a discord. (They start.) The danger can no doubt be averted. But it demands every possible effort.

DAUGHTER: (At window.) Below—in the works?

B.'s SON: I should not find time to say good-bye—later on.

DAUGHTER: Is it so very serious?

OFFICER: Counter-measures have been taken.

B.'s SON: (Taking Daughter's hand.) Bon voyage. Be happy. Today you have laid aside my name. That is no loss. I am a man of few tastes. I cannot approach the splendor of your new name. Must you and all you are be extinguished in me—now that you are going?

DAUGHTER: (Looks at him questioningly.)

OFFICER: How can you say that?

B.'s SON: I cannot follow you in your world—a world of fallacies.

DAUGHTER: But I shall return.

B.'s SON: It is not likely that I can wait for a real return. (Abruptly.) I shall now ask the guests to leave. (He kisses her forehead.) The Daughter stands as if deeply moved. He clasps the Officer's hand. The Officer leads the Daughter out.

B.'s SON: (Telephones.) Tell the people in the drawing-room that a disturbance at the works necessitates bringing the festivities to a close. It is advisable to leave the vicinity as quickly as possible. (The music ceases.)

[ENTER ENGINEER FROM LEFT. A WORKING-COAT OVER HIS DRESS-SUIT. HE IS DEEPLY AGITATED.]

ENGINEER: (Gasping.) Report from Central Station—gas colors deeper every second. In a few minutes—same rate of progress—it will be a deep red!

B.'s SON: Is anything wrong with the engines?

ENGINEER: All working perfectly!

B.'s SON: Any trouble with the ingredients?

ENGINEER: All ingredients, all—tested before mixing!

B.'s SON: Where does the fault lie?

ENGINEER: (Shaking from top to toe.) In—the formula!

B.'s SON: Your formula—does not—work out?

ENGINEER: My formula—does not—work out!

B.'s SON: Are you sure?

ENGINEER: Yes! Now!

B.'s SON: Have you found the mistake?

ENGINEER: No!

B.'s SON: Can you find it?

ENGINEER: The calculation is—correct!

B.'s SON: And yet the sight-tubes show color?

ENGINEER: (Throws himself into chair before desk—jerks his hand across sheet of paper.)

B.'s SON: Have the alarms been set going?

ENGINEER: (Without pausing.) All the bells are pounding away.

B.'s SON: Is there enough time to clear the works?

ENGINEER: The lorries are whizzing from door to door.

B.'s SON: In good order?

ENGINEER: In perfect order!

B.'s SON: (In terrible agitation.) Will all get out?

ENGINEER: (Leaping to his feet, standing erect before him.) I have done my duty—the formula is clear—without a flaw!

B.'s SON: (Shuddered.) You cannot find the error?

ENGINEER: Nobody can find it. Nobody! No brain could reckon more carefully. I've made the final calculation!

B.'s SON: And it does not work out?

ENGINEER: It works out—and does not work out. We have reached the limit—works out and does not work out. Figures fail us—works out—yet does not work out. The thing sums itself up, and then turns against us—works out and does not work out!

B.'s SON: The gas—?

ENGINEER: It is bleeding in the sight-tube! Flooding past the formula—going red in the sight-glass. Floating out of the formula—taking the bit in its own teeth. I have done my duty. My head is quite clear. The impossible is going to take place—it cannot come—yet it is coming!

B.'s SON: (Feeling for a chair.) We are helpless—delivered up to—

ENGINEER: The explosion!

[A terrible sibilance tears asunder the silence without. A grinding thunder bursts—the smoke-stacks crack and fall. A silence, empty and smokeless, ensues. The great glass window rattles into the room in a cascade of fragments.]

B.'s SON: (Flattened against the wall—in a toneless voice.) The earth swayed—

ENGINEER: Pressure of millions of atmospheres—

B.'s SON: All is silent—a grave.

ENGINEER: Immense radius of devastation—

B.'s SON: Who is still living?

[The door to left is flung open—a Workman—naked—stained by the explosion—tatters in.]

WORKMAN: Report from Shed Eight—Central—white cat burst—red eyes from open—yellow mouth gaping—humps up crackling back—grows round—snaps away girders—lifts up roof—bursts—sparks! Sparks! (Sitting down in the middle of floor and striking about him.) Chase away the cat—Shoo! Shoo!—smash her jaws—Shoo! Shoo!—bury her eyes—they flame—hammer down her back—hammer it down—thousands of fists! It's swelling, swelling—growing fat—fatter—gas out of every crack—every tube! (Once more half erecting himself.) Report from Central—the white cat has—exploded! (He collapses and lies prone.)

B.'s SON: (Goes to him.)

WORKMAN: (Grotesque with his hand.)

B.'s SON: (Takes his hand.)

WORKMAN: (With a cry.) Mother! (Dies.)

B.'s SON: (Bending low above him.) O man! O mankind!

Thus, in the cosmos of Georg Kaiser, humanity is flung forward—from catastrophe to catastrophe. The mechanism is cruel, as he exposes it, yet courage and hope live on. He knows that no sooner have the volcanoes of civilization and of the demonian human heart, oscillating between the poles of the beast and the god, quieted down than the pathetic, anti-like swarms are at it once more rebuilding busily upon the still hot, still quivering slopes of their beloved Aetna and Vesuvius.

In a few years this activist playwright, this virtuoso of a sublimated

(Continued on page 63)

De Maupassant: Vagabond Faun

(Continued from page 43)

way down from the ideal to the real. They interpret, translate and create. The earth-child grubs.

De Maupassant was like an ant that has crawled accidentally from the light of day thru the air-hole of a boy's rubber ball, there in the interior to spend his days meditating on the dark. The meanness of the universe astonished him; the battledore and the shuttlecock of the planets was an insane pastime; the music of the spheres was cosmic yawp. "We can at least be good animals," he exclaims ironically. "My body is real, my lusts are pleasure-pregnant. There is always room for the lowest. Loaf and take thy sport, dear body. I feel thrilling within me the sensations of all the different species of animals, of all their instincts, of all the confused longings of inferior creatures." Not as a poet does he love the earth, but as a beast. Like a pound where on certain nights the spirits of a myriad throttled beasts revivify and with snarl and claw and blood-smearred fangs live over their dead earth-selves, so did De Maupassant at regular intervals fling open the door of his nethers and lead forth the caged sleek couriers of our past and glut them at the sties of pleasure. But he writhed in his raptures, and his pastimes were crucifixions.

It is curious that what is beautiful has so much evil in it. It is often thru "sin" that spirituality is born, and what finer virtue halos the soul than the consciousness that it is always possible for us to do evil in thought and be the secret bridegroom to the throttled lusts which we style our ideals? De Maupassant realized the beautiful thru the evil in him. He molded the rich fungi on his brain-walls to immortal little waxen images and pinched his heart until it gave out music—music as evil and beautiful as truth. Philostratus tells us of a dragon whose brain was a blazing gem. Such a brain inhabited the body of the man who called himself "a lascivious and vagabond faun."

The grotesque cravings of this man! He shivered in horror at the antique, ever-recurring whirr that shook him from his slumbers. Each day he wished to be his last and first. He would have had Death weave her dark mantua around him each night that his eyes should rest each morn on something new. Poetry, art, music, bring us nothing, for they merely record ourselves; they are the lengthened shadows of dwarfs. A new series is needed to recreate the soul staled by its very uselessness. Not new worlds, but a new world, is the goal of the distraught. Art is a stained image, experience is like a romance with the woman left out, and pleasure is but an opiate for despair.

We are two. Children that spend hours talking to themselves are aware in a dim way of the duality of the individual. In each soul there slumbers this other self, this shadow of the soul that waxes and wanes with our consciousness. It is the house of defeated dreams, the shadowy rendezvous of our uncoffined hopes; a weird specter of the Great Desire. There are kennels in the breast of this *alter ego* the women we never possessed, the gigantic deeds we never did, the "best" we have left undone, the worst we have done, our abrogated acts. Builded day by day, in slumber and in day dream; builded of infinite trifles, this *Horla*, this vast phantasm of a self that never was diswombed unto reality, is the custodian of an endless, inutile past. It holds for ay our brief against the Eternal and mocks us with its demon eyes and its reproaches, half-wail, half-sneer.

De Maupassant, from the vats and the slime-pools of despair, conjured up his double and made of it a living, palpable thing of terror. Like the apparition that appeared to Markheim, in Stevenson's perfect story, it was both the scorekeeper and umpire of his soul. It visited him in the dead of the night and woke him with the dull thump of its ebony knuckles on his heart. "It spoke to me in a short whisper of all that my insatiable, poor and weak spirit had touched upon with a useless hope, all that toward which it had been tempted to soar, without being able to tear asunder the chains of ignorance that held it."

Is this half-created thing which each of us has in him, this unmanageable It of our own fabrication, a promise or a retribution? Come with it airs from heaven or blasts from hell? Is it the shadow of a real Higher or a sooty smoke shape of the past? In the stupendous conflict of opposing wills which we call society, where our fine hopes are frost-killed or done to death by main force, there is always a reserve of force—or is it a residuum? And that same conflict that is repeated in miniature in the cells of the individual has bred its reserve or residuum. We call it *alter ego*, *Horla*, *doppelganger*, our better self, our worse self; is it reserve or residuum?—unused power or slime?

Tho one of the intellectual elect, one who knew the pain in things before he experienced life—a seer who knew that the Veil of Isis was only a drab's dirty kerchief—the presence of the squalid, the distorted images of beggars, the obscene poverty of the masses, gave him pain for which he could find no cure. The banal, the trite, the garbage dumps called cities, tortured him and drove him to his boat, to the seashore, to long mountain tramps where he tried to shout out

the horrible things that spawned in Paris—the City of Light and Darkness. He was visited at such moments by strange penitential scourgings that he should be among the "fortunate." Why was he not yonder beggar or that lame thing that was a woman? These street pictures stood out year after year in his brain in an undying protest against himself. Of misfortune he made an image as of terror he made a Thing.

We have our judgments—but they are never final. Each brain is but an angle—no one has yet lived who has seen the Whole. Where does the beast in us end and the beatitudes begin? Can the dreams of the *spiritual* be separated from nerve-centers? Track spiritual impulse to its lair and we find ourselves in a den of beasts; track the sensual impulse up the steep of the ages and we find ourselves lost in psychic mists. Is the soul of a man a pallid, manacled, protesting, guest-prisoner at the feasts of the flesh, or are the feasts of the flesh the only banquet in which we shall ever participate? What a contrast there is between the tiger pacing his cage in the zoological gardens and that great blonde beast roaming the forests for prey! This transformation in the world of men is called "spiritualizing the instincts"—a contradiction in terms. The subjugation of the majestic is the occupation of mediocre minds and socialist puritans.

Impotent Modernity! The race today has no character. We are lame in our lusts; our spirit has one watery blood-shot eye, and from our armpits we have grown hooks so that we may better hold to that which we, rapscallions and old clo' men, have won in the refuse heaps of civilization.

The back-alley Captain Kidds, the buccaners of ash-heaps, the trumpeters of half-and-half—that is, Respectability—will always decry from their vast Sunday heights the man De Maupassant, who was what he was to the hilt, who when Beauty called him gave himself up to her in his entirety, and when the Beast snarled cried, "Here am I," and when the Intellect levied on him her tribute rendered up his brain-house and its treasures to her demands.

THE REASON

By Susan Myra Gregory

I know why beauty thus abounds

On earth and flowers in the sky,
Why wild oats fringe the western hill,
And why the little moon comes by.

The scarlet larkspurs in the wood

Diamond themselves with shining dew,

And purple lupines paint the world

To make it lovelier for you.

Musical Spain in the United States

(Continued from page 55)

phrase, the music of "Carmen" is not Spanish. It is far from my aim to disparage this music. "Carmen" is a singularly vital score. After nearly half a century it has lost not an iota of the sharpness of its appeal. But to the Spaniard—and in Spain "Carmen" has never won quite the place in popular favor that it has long enjoyed in France, England, Germany, Russia, the United States, and even in Spanish America—to the Spaniard, the music of "Carmen" as Spanish music has seemed hardly more than a complimentary allusion to the simon-pure native vintage.

And of course the appeal of "Carmen" outside of Spain has been largely visual. As drama, engrossing and swiftly moving, it has few rivals in all opera, and this drama makes the stranger actually see Spain—the gypsy baggage stepping undulantly within the flashing folds of her embroidered shawl, blowing lazy smoke rings into the tepid air, the while engaged in the world-old pastime of enmeshing the eternal male; the tореador of the moment, superb in the pomp of his conquering strut and provided with an irresistible song; troops of lolling cigaret girls, of ragamuffins *à la* Murillo, of soldiers, of idlers, of vendors, of dancers, of smugglers. In the streets and taverns of Seville, in the secret places of the mountains, before the great entrance of the crowded bull ring, we see unfolded in its inevitable march the white-hot drama of passion, boredom, jealousy, revenge, Fate. How could this be anything but Spain to us, and are we to be blamed if we believed the absorbing music wedded to this dramatic panorama authentically the music of Spain?

For many years after "Carmen," Spain in music continued to issue thru other countries. It was Frenchmen, Russians, Italians, but principally Frenchmen, having undergone the spell of Spain, who in tone painted the country for the outside world thru their musical impressions of the Iberian life and scene. Emmanuel Chabrier led off the dance with his orchestral rhapsody "Espana," which dates back nearly forty years now, but which remains unbeaten. Bizet had given the world a compelling opera on a Spanish subject, into whose score Spanish elements entered. Chabrier gave the real Spain in music. He visited Spain in 1882 to study the Spanish dancers, and thence he wrote some singularly vivid letters. But the great fruit of the visit was his Spanish rhapsody. It was first played in Paris under the direction of Lamoureux at one of his concerts, November 4, 1884. At first the daring of the piece amused and frightened the players. There was laughter at rehearsal and the prophecy of dire fail-

ure. But who shall account for audiences? The public, far from booing the strange work, gave it such a reception that Lamoureux saw fit to repeat it at three consecutive concerts.

Thus was Spain at last revealed in tone. "Espana" became so popular that Waldteufel made ball-room waltzes on the themes and thousands of persons who never see the inside of a concert room thereby became more or less acquainted with the musical matter of Chabrier's rhapsody. French composers other than Bizet and Chabrier turned to Spain. Lalo wrote a "Symphonie Espagnole" for the great Spanish violinist, Sarasate, (now all the fiddlers delight to play it). Debussy in his "Soirée dans Grenade" for piano and his orchestral "Iberia" evokes not only rhythms, but the very colors, atmosphere, and smells of Spain. Ravel emphasizes the dance in his "Rhapsodie Espagnole," and of course there is Spanish color in his deliciously satirical little one-act opera, "L'Heure Espagnole," which the Chicago Opera Association introduced to America two years ago. Then Raoul Laparra, a man drenched, saturated, drunken with Spain, has given us songs, instrumental pieces, operas that make the grand tour of the Spanish provinces, picturing the life of the people from the Basque country to Andalusia, from Mediterranean Catalonia to the sea coast of Galicia and the purple uplands of Castile.

Outside of France, Rimsky-Korsakoff, the Russian, paid tribute to Spain in his "Capriccio Espagnole" for orchestra, and Riccardo Zandonai, one of the most gifted of the younger Italian composers of opera, has achieved his best work in his "Conchita," based on the curious "La Femme et le Pantin" of Pierre Louys, wherein, applying Debussyan principles, he evokes with wonderful success the Spanish atmosphere. This opera was done in America by the Philadelphia-Chicago company. Of course much other Spanish music has been written by composers neither French nor Spanish, but those two works stand out.

For a century and more Spain has sent into other lands interpretative musicians of high rank numerous enough to have spread the gospel of Spanish music over all the earth. It is amazing how little they have done for it!

Of late years we have had many Spanish singers in America. That highly accomplished barytone, Emilio de Gogorza, occasionally puts a Spanish folksong on one of his programs. I do not recall that the charming soprano Lucrezia Bori, now happily back at the Metropolitan Opera House restored to vocal health, has struck any decisive

blow for Spanish music, nor has Maria Barrientos of the echo-like voice and gossamer coloratura. The Catalonian tenor, Lazaro, and the Basque bass, Mardones, occasionally sing Spanish songs in concert. So does Rafaelo Diaz, an American born tenor of Spanish descent. So did De Segurola, the Catalonian bass, before he definitely renounced singing.

This season Spanish singers are with us numerous. The Metropolitan, tho it boasts again Miss Bori, has lost Mme. Barrientos, but another florid soprano from Spain figures among its new singers, Angeles Otein. Spanish coloratura is represented on the Chicago roster by Graziella Pareto, still another florid soprano new to the United States. With the Scotti Opera Company is a Mexican coloratura soprano of great promise, Maria Teresa Escobar.

Another Spanish-American singer, who appears this season with the Chicago company, as well as in concerts from coast to coast, is the Peruvian contralto, Marguerite d'Alvarez. The Metropolitan has engaged for the latter part of its season a Costa Rican tenor, Manuel Salazar, formerly with the Gallo Opera Company, whose high notes have already won him a name the country over. The Basque bass, Mardones, remains a tower of strength at the Metropolitan; and the Chicago Company has a most promising new Spanish member in the person of Vicente Ballester, a barytone from Barcelona. Mr. Ballester is one of the best of the younger barytones now singing in opera and much is naturally expected of him in the most favorable artistic environment he has had in America.

Altho pianists were already playing more or less the remarkable piano pieces of Albeniz in our concert rooms, New York's keener interest in native Spanish music dates from the production at the Metropolitan Opera House six years ago of the "Goyescas" of the ill-fated Granados. It proved a feeble and dullish opera, tho the composer's piano pieces on which he founded the score are charming, and it was sung by three Italian singers and one American, whose Castilian sounded like some undiscovered dialect of the remote Apennines. Nevertheless, the conspicuousness of this production and the presence in America for it of the composer in person gave a certain impulse to Spanish music here. It put it on the map, so to say, as nothing had before. But a much greater impulse came two years later with the rather unexpected success of the Spanish revue "The Land of Joy."

Then along came Kurt Schindler with his choral society, the Schola Cantorum.

(Continued on page 64)

On Jules Laforgue

(Continued from page 51)

of *Les Derniers Vers*, has a clear lyrical consistency. His contrapuntal rhythms—he studs his *vers* libre with them like jewels—strike on the ear like silver gongs. His neologisms, sometimes bizarre puns, exhibit a sense of sound as much as a witty imagination. The originality of his “ciel crêpusculaire” and “une cloche anglaise,” occurring in two successive lines of an early poem, lies in a sensory, not an intellectual, wisdom.

It is this acuteness, in a man whose poetry was cerebral rather than sensual, which renders his work fascinating. Profoundly concerned with abstract ideas, Laforgue opened to them the gates of the senses, realizing that it is only thus that they can fully enjoy the hospitality of the mind. He was the priest who married the moon to the epigastrium; the physician applying a stethoscope to the heart of the universe.

That irony which gave him the name of the French Heine shows itself even in the first, suppressed book of *Le Sanglot de la Terre*. The black void may yawn for this young disciple of Schopenhauer; the voice of love and laughter may be drowned in one monstrous death-rattle, yet

“ . . . to kill time, while I wait for death,
I blow cigaret smoke into the faces of the gods.”

It was Corbière who disenchanting Laforgue with his youthful seriousness. He was a pessimist to the end, and his *Notes sur la Femme* are a cynical tribute to the influence of the German philosopher. But he accepted Voltaire's diagnosis of solemnity as a disease, and cured it with an irony as deliciously bitter as the kernel of a peach-pit.

Tired of bruising his fists “against the steppes of deaf cobalt,” Laforgue sought the sainted maternal sepulcher of Nirvana. But his escape was less into the colorless cold of meditation than into the hedonism of the complete pessimist. His *Complaintes* are the droll grimaces of an imagination that seeks love and art, without believing in the reality of their satisfactions. He retorts on himself with exquisite mockery of his own sorrows. He calls on “Maman Nature” as Emily Dickinson called upon “Papa, above!” And the next moment he spits fire upon “this subversive microbe” which man is.

It is in the humor of the *Complaintes* that one already scents his influence upon modern English poets. The *Complainte du Poète de Poète*, with its “steppes of mucus” and its original admission that

“ . . . now to emancipate myself the time is ripe,
Lighting limbo with my unpublished type!”

is the natural predecessor of Aldous Huxley's Philosophers' Songs. T. S. Eliot's sky, stretched out, like a patient

etherized upon a table, recalls, however subtly, Laforgue's

“A sunset of blood . . . soaked
Like a butcher's apron.”

The essence of the moderns' gift is the juxtaposition of things vast and grave to commonplaces nocturnal and matutinal. The anthropomorphic view of the universe generally gives man a false importance. Laforgue's peculiar apprehension of it in terms of scientific slang reduces man to the least common denominator of the phenomenal world.

The imagery that one finds in *Les Derniers Vers*, and even in the whimsical poems to the moon, emphasizes this ironic sentimentality. It is sentimental to attribute to the moon, to winter, to telegraph wires, one's own emotional states. It is pure irony to view the same things as subject to the physical and spiritual humiliations that lie in wait for the frail human body. If one contrasts *L'imitation de Notre Dame La Lune*, selon Jules Laforgue, with Voloshin's *Lunaria*, one appreciates more fully the implications of Laforgue's presentment. The Russian poet's attitude is that of a man worshipping the moon. The Frenchman's is that of the philosopher who professed that there is no God, and that Mary is his mother. Did Endymion notice the moon's night-cap?

The essence of Laforgue's shrewd bitterness is contained in the incomparable poem on the coming of winter. It is like a crystalline vial, colored by Baudelaire's exquisite poison, and charged with an effervescent irony that allays fatality. He paints the sun

“ . . . white as the spittle in a tavern room
Upon the littered yellow broom
The yellow broom of fall.”

It lies there, in his bold, ugly, unforgettable phrase,

“ . . . like a gland torn from a throat,
Cold to the marrow bone, alone.”

One tastes the spleen of the poet, as he senses that of the telegraph wires. And finally he cries for the south-wind to undo the slippers time knits for himself:

“Que l'autan, que l'autan
Échille les savates que le temps se tricote!”

There is a kind of melancholy premonition in this poem, as in several others, of the too rapid winter that fell upon his own years. It is easy to give *post facto* recognition to such images, but one wonders why his verse dwells so persistently on a kind of cosmic phthisis. Yet Laforgue's humor cuts as deep a trough as his griefs. His slight prose work, *Moralités Légendaires*, is instinct with a will to parody. His Lohengrin, his Salomé, his Hamlet—Hamlet, the artist, forgetful of vengeance in his pleasure in the play, and dying by

Laertes' sword at Ophelia's grave—are all witness to this streak of Gallic stringency. His scattered notes on everything from the breasts of women to the personal mirage of the universe, sparkle with vivacity and the bright salt of malice.

What sets him off both from his contemporaries and those brilliant young men who celebrate their derivation from him is a quality which is the single essential of art. Jules Laforgue is intense. Neither his delicacy nor his wit adumbrate the degree of this intensity. It is rooted in that heroic sincerity which is his plea for absolution:

“And may I be absolved for my sincere soul's sake.”

As Phryné was for her frank nakedness.”

When he says that the boats lie at the foot of the jetty,

“De la jettée centannée
Contre la mer,
Comme ma chair
Contre l'amour,”

he uses an image that might be turned to sum up his work. For as the jetty thrusts into the sea, so his intellect thrusts out into the waters of experience. It may be questioned how powerful an assault the tides could make upon a man who died at twenty-seven. But if they did not warp him, certainly they ran deep and bitter enough. There was a needle in his spirit that was drawn irresistibly by the magnet of the eternal riddle. He could not pluck it out, but he could play upon it the spectrum of his disillusion. He tested life with the touchstone of his skepticism, and the gold this could not show was wrought magically under his art.

The Dynamic Dramatist

(Continued from page 60)

sensationalism, has written his own drama of ascent, triumph, downfall and rebirth. He has achieved a European reputation before which even the French have capitulated. Yet despite his German traits, and message, there is in him, in his style and spirit and technique, the expression, the efflorescence of the American spirit. But it is the American spirit as this is seen idealized by a European artist, purged of its slag, of the trivial and the ephemeral, and given power, voice, direction as an element in art—a higher dispensation than even the vision of our rhetoric-inebriated political prophets could compass. Thus Europe sees and exploits in us the things we do not see and cannot express and builds them into a style, an esthetic convention and a philosophy.

The Perennial Beerbohm

(Continued from page 53)

acceded to the hierarchy of good scribes and rather like my niche." Sounds like a man of eighty, doesn't it? It was in this same year, that Beerbohm—along with his famous half-brother, Beerbohm Tree—came to America, as the former's loyal publisher, John Lane, expressed it: "With a view, it is said, to establishing a monarchy in that land. Mr. Beerbohm does not appear to have succeeded in this project, tho he was interviewed in many of the newspapers of the States."

Obviously, this is one of the many delicious hoaxes sprung with such an innocent air by Beerbohm on a world that is ever and doubtless always will be over solemn, self centered, pompous and gullible. No man could possibly be more shy than Beerbohm. The author of "Zuleika Dobson" is supernaturally sensitive. And therefore no scene could be more incongruous than himself being interviewed by raucous, clamoring journalists. He leads a life of the strictest privacy—always has. "I would make myself master of some small area of physical life, a life of quiet, monotonous simplicity, exempt from all outer disturbance. I would shield my body from the world that my mind might range over it, not hurt nor fettered." He settled in the Italian Riviera many years ago. And there he is able to pursue, without outward incident, the aesthetic ideal. He is one with the ancient tradition of monks whose spirits flower in solitude.

Study the man's prose style, so exquisite, so reticent, so aristocratic. Unless you are on your guard against the trance engendered by the mellifluous succession of phrases, always the right epithet in the right place, like Liszt's "right note at the right time"—which was the Abbe's dictum to those who wished to master the piano—unless you can shake off the spell—and no task is more difficult—the hoax which is invariably hidden somewhere, as a rule near the close of an essay or story, moving to its final cadence with the same, quiet, inoffensive air that opened the composition—the bomb will explode without your hearing it—the hoax will be on you. And even after one, two or a dozen experiences with such a style, you are still in danger of being lured into the next labyrinth. To my way of thinking, the Beerbohm method is at its best in a story called, "A. V. Laidler." This is positively one of the classic tales in our language. The thing is absolutely beyond reproach, impeccable from start to finish and stamped with the Beerbohm touch in every turn and twist, even by-way. It is masterly. The story is too long for analysis here. You will find it in "Seven Men." One may trace the method in almost any of the shorter

pieces; for example, the delicate fooling in the following tirade against a fire brigade! No writing could sound more serious, more deadly in earnest, no propaganda in behalf of or against a public institution, more valiant, more polemic.

The author is attracted by "some wharf burning on the river." He instructs a cabman to drive him thither. "Than the roaring of those great flames had I yet heard, than their red glory seen, nothing lovelier." Then comes a sham attack which for sheer, peaceful hoodwinkery could not be surpassed by Anatole France himself. "Yet, under my very eyes, there was an organized attempt to spoil this fair thing. Persons in absurd helmets ran about pouring cascades of cold water on the flames. These, my cabman told me, were firemen. I jumped out and, catching one of them by the arm, bade him sharply desist from his vandalism. I told him that I had driven miles to see this fire; that great crowds of Londoners, poor people with few joys, were there to see it also, and I asked him who was he that he should dare to disappoint us. Without answering my arguments, he warned me that I must not interfere with him in the discharge of his duty." The silly crowd would not uphold me, and I fell back, surreptitiously slitting his water-hose with a penknife. But what could I avail? The cascades around me were ceaseless, innumerable. Every moment dashed up fresh firemen, imprecant on cars, behind wild horses. In less than an hour, all was over. The flames had been surrounded, driven back and stricken, at length, as they lay, cowering and desperate, in their last embers. But, as they died, there leapt from my heart's core a great residuary flame of indignation. It is still burning." And his indignation takes the guise of revenge by the formation, on the author's part, of an Artists' Corps who "shall go about their work in a quiet, gentlemanly manner: servants, not tyrants, of the public. Each one of us will trail a sinuous hose. It will not be filled with water. It will be filled with oil."

This season brings all the writings of Max Beerbohm into one complete edition. His collected works, however, are, so far as I know, only to be published in London. The immortal Zuleika, who caused the entire student body of Oxford, led by an enamored young duke, to commit suicide for her, and who, when last heard from, was on her way to conquer Cambridge, is present, alongside "The Happy Hypocrite," "The Christmas Garland" (containing some of the most penetrating satires on other authors ever perpetrated), "Seven Men," and the earlier works. At the same

time, London is holding an exhibition of Beerbohm's latest caricatures. Had I not been the delighted witness in private of some of this angelic creature's most recent experiments, I would have missed that exhibition sorely. Beerbohm has an insatiable fondness for secretly altering documents of literature and art thru erasing, by some process known only to himself, a letter or two in a poem or a feature in a portrait, and then, just as surreptitiously, of substituting in the style of the original, down to the very color of the ink and texture of the background, another letter or two or other feature. The effect is devastating. The most solemn poem is made to sound ridiculous, the most sublime pose of a sitter (he is especially addicted to dignitaries) descends to the grotesque.

Max Beerbohm is as salutary as a plague. The fine things in life are sacred to him. He never touches these. And even the multimorph and myriad others—he doesn't attack those either. He is too gentle for that. He simply holds a delicate mirror in front of them, shows them themselves as they are. That is enough. Enough to make anybody, with any self-respect left in his system, commit hara-kari—or reform! He is not alone the finest stylist in the English of today; he is likewise our ablest satirist. And satire is precisely the medicine our pathological world needs most at the present time. Aubrey Beardsley died in his twenties. May the other child who was born on the same day in 1872 live into his hundreds!

Musical Spain in the United States

(Continued from page 62)

Mr. Schindler, who had so often placed New York in his debt by opening out its treasure houses of new and unfamiliar music, turned his attention three or four years ago to Spain. In concerts of the Schola Cantorum in the last three years he has presented old Spanish church music, choral music by modern composers, and a large and fascinating assortment of folk-song, often arranged for chorus by himself. And he has had the assistance as soloists of such singers as Mabel Garrison, Rafaelo Diaz, and Marguerite d'Alvarez.

Often I have hoped that not only would works by non-Spanish composers so eminently Spanish as "La Habanera" and "Conchita" find a place in the American operatic repertory beside the older "Carmen," but that some authentic Spanish "grand" opera would

(Continued on page 77)

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Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

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Wanda Hawley in "Too Much Wif"
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"Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst
Directed by Frank Borzage
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Agnes Ayres in Sir Gilbert Parker's story
"The Lane That Had No Turning"

Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and the novel
"Enchanted Hearts," by Darragh Aldrich

Marion Davies in "The Bride's Play"
By Donn Byrne
Supervised by Cosmopolitan Productions

Bebe Daniels in "Nancy from Nowhere"
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A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Three Live Ghosts"
With Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry

Many Miles Minter in "Tillie"
From the novel by Helen K. Martin
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Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Saturday Night"
By Jennie Macpherson

Betty Compton in "The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
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"One Glorious Day"
With Will Rogers and Lila Lee
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer

George Melford's Production
"Meran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris

May McAvoy in "A Homespun Vamp"
By Hector Turnbull
A Reaslat Production

"Boomerang Bill," with Lionel Barrymore
By Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan

John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang," with Ann Forrest
From the novel, "Perpetua"
By Dion Clayton Calthrop

Constance Binney in "Midnight"
By Harvey Thew. A Reaslat Production

Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock"
Bebe Daniels in "A Game Chicken"
By Nina Wilcox Putnam
A Reaslat Production

William S. Hart in
"Travelin' On"
By William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production

Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
"Peter Ibbetson"
By George Du Maurier
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Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"
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By E. A. Thomas and Thomas Louden

George Swanson in
"Her Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger

Wanda Hawley in "Bobbed Hair"
By Hector Turnbull. A Reaslat Production

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady"

Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Reaslat Production

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"
By Sophie Kerr
A Cosmopolitan Production

Betty Compton in a Wm. D. Taylor Production
"The Green Temptation"
From the story, "The Nose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner

May McAvoy in "Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Printzlau
A Reaslat Production

"Find the Woman," with Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"
Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux

Many Miles Minter in "The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morrison
A Reaslat Production

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in
"Bought and Paid For"
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"
Dorothy Dalton in "Tharon of Lost Valley"

Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne. A Reaslat Production

John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade," by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"
With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson
and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elmer Glyn's
"Beyond the Rocks"

Mia May in "My Man"
Marion Davies in "The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in
"A Stampede Madonna"

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"The Man from Home"
With James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson,
Norman Kerry, Dorothy Cumming
and John Milren

From the play by Booth Tarkington and
Harry Leon Wilson

Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"
Thomas Meighan in "The Proxy Daddy"
From the novel by Edward Peipe

Wallace Reid in "Across the Continent"
By Byron Morgan

Sir Gilbert Parker's story
"Over the Border"
With Betty Compton and Tom Moore
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

"Sisters," by Kathleen Norris
A Cosmopolitan Production

George Melford's Production
"The Cat That Walked Alone"
With Dorothy Dalton

Thomas Meighan in "The Leading Citizen"
By George Ade

Pola Negri in "The Eyes of the Mummy"
Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquerable"
By Hamilton Smith

Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"
From the play by Elmer Rice

Mia May in "Truth Conquers"
Agnes Ayres in "The Three of Us"
By Rachel Crothers

"The Beauty Shop"
With Raymond Hitchcock
From the musical comedy by Channing Pollock
and Kenneth Wolf
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Many Miles Minter in "South of the Suva"
By Edward Adamson

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62
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The Artist of the Theater

(Continued from page 49)

speare could have played the part of Hamlet he could never have written it. The "not to be" in the soliloquy would never have occurred to him.

THE CRITIC: Dont you think you're roaming rather far afield? You're questioning the whole position of the theater as an art inferior to literature. And that's wide of the point. Besides, I dont believe you really think it is inferior, or you wouldn't be working in it. Besides, too, why *shouldn't* you write for your theater if it were a better theater than any other?

THE PLAYWRIGHT: Yes, I suppose I am shooting beside the mark. Your superman, of course, would be a perfect unity within himself of the artist of the theater and have no trouble with himself. What I am driving at, tho, is that you hold out an ideal many generations beyond the horizon of an age noted for its paradoxical jasper in being short on concentration but long on specialization. Let your God first become man if he would save us. Shooting at stars is an amiable dreamer's pastime but here we must needs *prove* our marksmanship by some target—oh, way far off but still within range of our sighted strongest.

THE CRITIC: But isn't Craig's target within sight? Surely, he has made it concrete and definite enough. Your artist of the theater has simply to conceive of the theater as a single, unified art, instead of a patchwork of several arts and prepare himself to understand and control all its elements, no matter which he chooses to carry out with his own hands.

THE PLAYWRIGHT: Let us peer at the gospel according to Nietzsche and we will find what I mean. What is the step to the Superman? The Higher Men. Yes, I can almost hear the birth cry of the Higher Man in the theater. There is a goal, blessedly difficult of attainment. And what will he be? Well, remember I speak with a playwright's bias—not so much from egotism as from a desire to make my case clear by stating in terms I understand the best. Well, the Higher Man of the theater will be a playwright, say. He will have his own theater for his own plays, as Strindberg had his Intimate Theater in Stockholm. He will have grouped around him as fellow workers in that theater the most imaginative of all the artists in the different crafts. In no sense will he be their master, except his imagination of his work will be the director of their imaginations. He will tell them the inner meaning and spiritual significance of his play as revealed to him. He will explain the truth—the unity—underlying his conception. And then all will work together to express that unity. The playwright will not interfere except where he sees the harmony of his imaginative whole is threatened. Rather, he will learn from his associates, help them to set their imaginations free as

they help to find in the actual theater a medium ever-broadening, in which even his seventh last solitude may hope to speak and be interpreted. And soon all of these would be Higher Men of the theater.

THE CRITIC: That all sounds very well. And it is more than I hoped you would admit when you began.

THE PLAYWRIGHT: But first the Higher Playwright is needed, he with the seventh last solitude to express. Alas, he is of next year; and we others of today—or at best tomorrow—deserve no theaters of our own but get little worse than we deserve when we pry our way into the segregated district of Broadway.

THE CRITIC: That kind of frank humility and unsentimental refusal to bewail your lot is quite in keeping with the ruthless way in which you strip to their souls the characters in your plays. And the courage to face truth, just like the fear of the Lord, is the beginning of wisdom. You admit that a certain unity in the art of the theater is possible, which we do not possess today.

THE PLAYWRIGHT: Yes, but with the centralized imagination right at the heart of the play itself.

THE CRITIC: I'm afraid you dont fully grasp one of the fundamental facts of the new theater. The strategically central position of the play, as we have known it in the past, is fast losing its grip. In the recent past, and even yet, except in the minds of certain theorists who have seldom put their ideas into practice, the written play is the starting point for any activity inside a theater. But it was not always so and I dont believe it will always continue so. There is on the one hand the possibility of a return to the fluid impromptu dramas of the *commedia dell'arte*. But more important in extending the range of the theater as an art are the various groping efforts to find drama in mere movement without the use of words—bodily movement made abstract and significant in form rather than after the representative fashion of the old pantomime, and, even further afield, the movement of colored shapes and lights without the aid, not only of words, but of the human figure in any capacity. Manifestly, the men who develop these dramas will not be such as yourself—writers of words. But if they will take the pains to comprehend, if not fully to master your craft, they will achieve the more effectively. They must learn and forget the old theater before they can attain the new. And ultimately, you must master or at least comprehend what they are trying to do, for after they have had their day with their new toys, the elder traditions will reassess themselves, not with a full return to power, oblivious of what has happened in the meantime, but drawing new life therefrom and by an

(Continued on page 77)

The Real Chaliapin

(Continued from page 41)

I wanted his opinion of Lunarcharsky, Soviet Minister of Education, under whose direction all the state theaters have been managed for the last four years. "Personally," said Chaliapin, "I hold him in very high esteem, not only because he is so skillfully diplomatic that he has somehow managed to keep the actors interested in their work in the face of the most frightful privations, but because he is delicate, sensitive and tremendously talented. At times when I see him worried over every little grievance, I feel annoyed that he is so sweet."

He grew serious when we talked about the lack of acting on the operatic stage. His own career as a singer began on what he called "the realistic Russian operatic stage." He had considered so deeply the disharmony of good voice and bad acting that he had at one time worked out a plan for a school of acting for opera singers. "Of course, in the end I realized that I could never teach anyone anything because I have no idea how to tell other people what to do. I believe that I act mostly thru intuition myself." At this idea he smiled broadly and then went on, "It's a great pity that the American public knows but three of our operas—'Boris Godunov,' 'Prince Igor' and 'Eugen Onegin.' Americans have an idea that Russians always sing and act morbidly, whereas we have so many more cheerful operas, like 'Razalka,' 'Kubetska Kolasnikov,' 'The Life For a Tsar.'"

He confided to us that, if he was still wealthy, he would start two opera companies of his own; one in America and one in Russia. "But never mind, perhaps someone else will do it for me and the result will be just the same." He refused, as always, to pity himself for the loss of his personal fortune. And I couldn't pity him either as I looked into his smiling face. Few artists have had a richer life than Chaliapin.

Movies and phonographs came in for discussion, since they are both such inseparable paraphernalia of American life and mean little at all in Russia. Chaliapin said that he used to be hopelessly prejudiced against both of them, but D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" had first made him see the great possibilities of the screen and this last trip to America had changed his mind in regard to phonographs. In fact, he had just made a lot of new records and was apparently pleased with the results.

I asked him if there was anything he particularly wanted to say to Americans and he exclaimed: "Yes, yes, many things, how can I say them all? First, they must try to understand that my countrymen do very well, considering their empty stomachs. Russia is hungry and cold and unclad. Remember, if you have no pens and no paper and no ink, you cannot write; if you have no wood you cannot make a fire—in Russia all



M. J. McGowan, of whose remarkable discovery the eminent Dr. Woodruff says: "It leaves little use for us specialists, and none at all for beauty preparations."

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"Art that Conceals Art"

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Richard Wallace
Brooklyn, N. Y.

these things have been literally true. Under such circumstances, no matter how willing the government might be, artists must suffer with the rest. No one is comfortable, no one is well fed except a few speculators and they are despised and in constant danger of arrest or even of execution . . .

"Say also, that Russians have not grown so far apart because of politics as is imagined outside. We know how to forgive, so we are not irreconcilable. Since the revolution many worthy people have run away, but they must come back. If they are worth while, we need them in order that Russian life may reach its proper development. Yes, they must come back, no matter what they have done. And they will be received with open arms and kissed on both cheeks . . .

"Say I am sorry my contract forbids me to sing at more concerts in America. When they told me that three thousand people were turned away from one of my performances, I was not happy. I am trying now to arrange more dates. I have no wish to be exclusive."

At the door he shook hands warmly and waved to us as we walked down the hall. "I'll see you in Russia," he called after us, "on some happier day . . . in Russia!"

Chaliapin has always been a picturesque character. He was born forty-nine years ago in the old Tartar city of Kazan. His parents were peasants and as a boy he began his career as a shoe-maker's apprentice, which is about the lowest scale of day labor in Europe. Because of cleverness he soon graduated from this lowly position to one a step higher. He became a cabinet-maker. During this time he sang in the church and his voice was known and loved by everyone in his village. Some time later a wandering opera company came to Kazan. He joined that company. Perhaps this was the "realistic operative stage" he spoke of. Certainly it was necessary to act as well as sing to satisfy such provincial audiences. After a year or two of wandering with these vagabond singers, he went to Petrograd and there soon rose to fame. In 1895 he became a member of the Imperial Opera.

His great popularity with the revolutionists led in 1917, shortly after the Soviets came into power. He was singing then in Petrograd at the Marinsky theater and at Narodny Dom (People's House). There was a movement on foot to boycott the Soviets by the opera singers, since it was understood that the high salaries were to be cut and "the rabble" was to be in charge. Chaliapin was the great star, nothing could be done without his sanction, so a committee of artists came to him and put up the proposition of non-cooperation in the Soviets. Perhaps when Chaliapin listened he remembered his hard youth, perhaps even he remembered his class and all that it had suffered, one can not be sure. . . . But whatever were his emotions he did an extraordinary and never-to-be-forgotten thing. He announced publicly that if the people had no money to give him he would sing for bread. And there

were days when he used to receive a bag of flour a week as a salary. I heard him sing in those barricade days in the great low hall at Narodny Dom for thousands of workers and peasants and soldiers all wearing red bands on their arms . . . He grew to be loved as well as applauded.

A year or two later the people attempted to repay him for all that they had taken from him in worldly wealth. When I was in Russia last winter, his salary was more than that of Lenin and Trotsky and all the Commissars put together. He received something like a million rubles a night. That is not nearly so much as it sounds. A million rubles at the present exchange is less than a hundred dollars. For singing at the Metropolitan he receives three thousand five hundred good American dollars—five hundred more than even Caruso ever got. And he confesses that he is not altogether happy! If Chaliapin is not a revolutionist he is, at least, a great artist who is above the petty things of life and who has no price on his art.

Frank Swinnerton

(Continued from page 37)

minimize my admiration of Swinnerton's very real talent, I give here the scene of Sally's self-surrender, which is the best page in the book:

"Had to come," mumbled Toby hoarsely. "Thought of you all alone. I wanted you. See, I had to come."

"Of course you did," murmured Sally, her spirit leaping up and up in tempestuous excitement. "Toby, do you love me? You do truly love me?"

She had no sense then of anything but her love for him and his love for her. She was carried right past caution and thought. She was in his arms, and was happy. And Toby, a dim figure of burly strength, was kissing her until she was blinded and choking with excitement beyond all she had ever felt. Everything conspired to affect her—all suppressions, all knowledges, all curiosities and vanities. Nothing but caution could have restrained her, and caution was forgotten. She was vehemently moved and beyond judgment or reflection. Her one desire was to give herself to the man she loved, the man who loved her. And the opportunity was upon them as they were in the first fever of their passion.

This is excellently imagined and excellently written, but surely there is nothing magical in it, nothing better than George or Lawrence can reach—a good book in the day and hour; but certainly not a master work—not "perfect—consummate."

But then one should never take Wells or Bennett seriously: Bennett thinks Howells a great writer and great critic, and Henry James, too!

GIRL!

By Floyd Meredith

Copper, and a dash of blue,
Sunlight on the face of you—
Quiet steps, a gay, low laugh,
And slim, pale hands, yet only half
Of your still grace is bared to view—
The rest lies in the soul of you.

Certain Aspects of the Theatrical Season

(Continued from page 45)

hokum, its stereotyped characters and situations. Our farce suffers from anemia. Puritanism has its way. We must not live on the stage for the joy of living. Sex is taboo; it can have an appeal only to the prurient minded, therefore we have the spectacle of Avery Hopwood skating continuously on thin ice.

The foremost plays of the present season have been of foreign origin. Somerset Maugham's "The Circle," a brilliant exhibition of cynicism applied to the social life of the super-sophisticated, prospered thru the early season. Clemence Dane's "A Bill of Divorcement" has rigidly set forth the philosophy of the younger generation. "Kiki" by André Picard, has brought a Parisian insight into the nature of a *gamin* who has theatrical aspirations and has served to introduce Lenore Ulric as an actress of power and imagination. Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped" is a drama of life, colored with the grey and haunting overtones characteristic of the Russians. "The Czarina," by the Hungarians, Melchior Lengyel and Lajos Biro, is a subtle and satirical thrust at the weaknesses of that amatory tyrant, Catherine the Great. Shaw's fantastic plea for longevity, "Back to Methuselah," required three performances for its complete presentation.

These six plays are far and away superior to anything of native authorship presented this season, with the exception of O'Neill's "Anna Christie" and Miss Akins' "Daddy Goes A-Hunting," and in both of the latter there are painfully visible certain compromises with the box office. The compromises may not have been deliberate. They may have been made from a sincere desire to satisfy certain exigencies and demands of the situations and characters in the plays. But they are there, nevertheless. Miss Akins' tricky use of the phrase, "God knows," may be justified by the events of the drama and its leading character but it suggests a studied effort for adroit hokum. So, in "Anna Christie," O'Neill follows a bit of significant drama with sure-fire touches of banal comedy. The play is honeycombed with hokum, and while its theme and its characters are as genuine as those in "Beyond the Horizon," it constantly reminds one of an O'Neill trying to be like Augustus Thomas rather than like O'Neill.

Clare Kummer departed from her style of casual, spontaneous comedy with "The Mountain Man." Unfamiliar with the highways and byways of emotionalism and sentiment, she has, nevertheless, created an unusual figure in the young Virginian mountaineer, who comes in contact with modern civilization. As played by Sidney Blackmer, he is unforgettable. There is something poignant about this character—something seems to suggest the wholesome and

(Continued on page 72)

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Phosphorus

(Continued from page 35)

too. Then we all sat on a bench. And the officer said, "My regiment is to be transferred to Croatia." And Mademoiselle said, "I don't believe it." And she asked me if I believed it, and I said I didn't. And Mademoiselle got sad and began to cry and scold the officer, and he kissed her on the cheek and on the neck to console her, and Mademoiselle said, "That's all you know; that's all you can do."

MADAME:

And then what happened?

STEPHAN:

Then she cried some more and he kissed her. And she said he was only making it up about Croatia because he was tired of her. And he kissed her again. And she said, "You are all alike, you soldiers."

MADAME:

(Severely.) Aren't you ashamed of yourself, carrying on that way before a child?

[But a wail of grief is Mademoiselle's only reply.]

STEPHAN:

Then the officer told her in German that he did love her. And she answered, "Nicht wahr! Nicht wahr!" They spoke German so I wouldn't understand them. "Nicht wahr" means it isn't true.

MADAME:

Go on.

STEPHAN:

Then Mademoiselle got angry, and she said: "Well, if you must know, I'll be disgraced if you leave me now."

MADAME:

(Sharply.) What? What's that?

STEPHAN:

She told him that if he left her she would kill herself because she didn't want to be a mother.

MADAME:

(Indignantly.) Mademoiselle, how could you? How dared you? You shameless, wicked girl! After I entrusted my boy to your care . . .

[Mademoiselle's reply is another paroxysm of sobbing.]

STEPHAN:

She said she would kill herself. And the officer tried to kiss her again, but she pushed him away and called him a dirty scoundrel. And she said to me, "Stephan, isn't he a dirty scoundrel?" And I said he was, so the officer gave me a push and tried to kiss Mademoiselle again and told her he would send her eighty gulden when he got to Croatia.

[A wail of anguish from Mademoiselle.]

Motion Picture CLASSIC For May

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CLASSIC

Motion Picture Magazine—May

"EUROPE is as sad as an old ball-room with the candles burned out and the whispering spirits of dancers who are gone."

So Charlie Chaplin describes Europe in the interview which Harry Carr has written with him called **Speech of Gold**. He talks of other things too with an equal understanding and color.

Eric von Stroheim is cloaked with interest now that the premiere of his production "Foolish Wives" has caused such comment. **Adele Whitely Fletcher** has written a story of him. **Sans Mask** depicts him as he is today—with imagination and color and vital beliefs—

The motion picture studio is often possessed of a greater drama than that which is filmed beneath its glass roofs. **Homer Croy** spent one of his days in a studio. He has been able to pass on the heart-throbs he found there. He found one beautiful girl enthusiastic over the luxurious closed motor her stardom had brought her . . . and he found another girl with tear-dimmed eyes hurrying down the studio stairs—

There are other innumerable articles of interest, a novelization of the **Alla Nazimova** production **The Doll's House** and scores of new and artistic photographs.

The May Motion Picture Magazine

Go on.

MADAME:

STEPHAN:

Then the officer went away and Mademoiselle and I ran after him. She said: "Aren't you even going to leave me your address?" And he said he would send it to her in a letter. And after he was gone, we went to a telephone booth. Mademoiselle telephoned for a long time, and after she came out she said, "You see, Stephan, I knew it was a lie about being transferred to Croatia." Then we came home.

MADAME:

That will do, Stephan. You may go. (The boy goes out. She turns to Mademoiselle.) Mademoiselle!

MADMOISELLE:

(Rises, drying her eyes, and stands with her face averted from Madame's indignant gaze.) Please, Madame . . .

MADAME:

Hold your tongue!

MADMOISELLE:

I only want to explain . . .

MADAME:

Keep your explanations, your abandoned, shameless . . .

MADMOISELLE:

I'm not, Madame. It isn't true . . . none of it. I only told those things to the officer to . . . keep . . . his . . . love!

[Begins sobbing again.]

MADAME:

Not true?

MADMOISELLE:

Of course not. I made it up. I didn't think he'd have the heart to leave me after I told him that.

MADAME:

Oh! . . .

MADMOISELLE:

But he had, you see.

MADAME:

Well, if it isn't true, will you kindly explain what all this nonsense with the phosphorus is about?

MADMOISELLE:

That was to test his love. If I drank the stuff, it would be in the papers that I had tried to commit suicide. Then he could come to see me in the hospital. I wanted to see if he'd have the heart not to come.

MADAME:

I should say there was no doubt about it.

MADMOISELLE:

Well, I've changed my mind now. I'm not going to drink it.

MADAME:

I consider that most sensible of you. And now that you have quite decided



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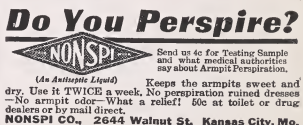
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PETITES

TAKE one to the theater or dance, empty it and throw the tiny bottle away (or save it and refill it). The finest perfume in the world, when placed on a handkerchief or gown, lasts only a few minutes after it has dried. Only moisture or heat can bring out the aroma again. Hence, the perfume milady applies 'in her boudoir is usually lost by the time she arrives at her destination—the place it was intended for. Midgets overcome this waste. They take up no room, are easily opened, and you can always have the dainty, delicate, bewitching aroma clinging and lingering about your presence. Ten Midgets, filled with the most delicious perfume, accompany every two-ounce cut-glass bottle, together with a filler, all neatly packed in a beautiful box. The perfume is

CORLISS PALMER

named after its inventor, who is known as the Most Beautiful Girl in America. It is her first choice of 100 accepted formulas. It is distinctive, subtle, elusive, charming. Its enchanting fragrance is exceedingly lasting, and you can often detect it on your handkerchief after it has been laundered. To introduce it to the American market, the price is at present only \$6.00 a box, complete.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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A Skin Preserved at Twenty is a Skin Still Fine at Fifty!

THERE is not one of us who wants to look old. By old, I mean a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. We do not want them, nor do we need to have them. These enemies begin to come in the twenties unless care is taken to prevent them, and when they once start, their tendency is to grow worse daily. Don't wait too long; don't give them time to thrive. Massage helps, but it is not enough.

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It is a remedy that actually benefits the complexion and actually prevents a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. It contains, among other things, elder flower water and benzoin, which for ages have been famous for beautifying the skin.

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Apply Palmer's Beauty Lotion every night and you will be surprised at the results. It has a cooling, soothing astringent effect, and will make your skin smooth and firm.

It is delightfully scented—it is a necessary luxury to milady's boudoir. After once using it, you will not be without it. Send fifty cents (coin, stamps or money order) for a trial bottle, which will be sent to you by mail, securely wrapped.

RICHARD WALLACE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

that you are neither about to become a mother nor to commit suicide. I feel freer to tell you that you are discharged and that you will pack your things and leave my house at once.

MADMOISELLE:

(Sobbing again.) Mayn't I say good-bye to little Stephan first?

MADAME:

Certainly not! Haven't you done enough to contaminate my child with your officers, your lies and your phosphorus? You may consider yourself fortunate that I haven't let my husband deal with you. He would probably have turned you over to the police. So clear out of my house, and be quick about it.

[She sweeps haughtily out of the room, slamming the door behind her. But in the corridor she pauses and listens. Inside, Mademoiselle can be heard pulling out drawers and emptying them while she sings, to herself, low and feelingly, a dolorous refrain about, "a heart that yearns, a heart that is breaking."]

THE END.

Certain Aspects of the Theatrical Season

(Continued from page 69)

rugged America that is rapidly passing.

Owen Davis surprised the critics, the managers and the public with a play written with sincerity and a conscious effort to live down his past. Entitled "The Detour," it won high praise but little money. But Davis accomplished much. He will be regarded seriously by the critics hereafter. "Dulcy," by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, is good social satire aimed at such precious institutions as the movies and the advertising world and that legion of souls whose intentions are worthy, but who are hopelessly dull and annoying.

Revivals have crowded the stage, being hurried out of deserving graveyards in the hope of stopping the steady loss of dollars and proving to the fickle public that what was once regarded as great—and great on Broadway means successful—must continue to be regarded as great. The hope was never realized. The public, except for the incorrigible sentimentalists, failed to patronize them. The younger generation could not be roused to even passing interest, and after a few weeks of languishing illness they again found their resting place.

Some wise man, I believe it was A. H. Woods, once said there was always a good season for a good play. That is quite as true this year as ever before. The bad plays have perished, perhaps, more quickly than heretofore, but the meritorious have experienced prosperity and success in quite the same proportions as prevailed before Marion, Ohio, took on national significance.

Mary Nash: Versatile Actress

(Continued from page 19)

"Yes—I love the movies—real movies. I do not go to the movies merely to see them—there is so much trash. I select—as I do plays and books and gowns.

"I was in one picture—a George Fitzmaurice picture; but found that I could not act on the speaking stage and keep up my work in the pictures without doing myself and my employers an injustice. After one has spent the morning and afternoon in the studio doing pictures, one is totally—at least I was—unfit for work at night. I attribute a great deal of the inferior work of many of our actors and actresses on the speaking stage to the fact that they are played out by the picture work they are doing on the side.

"The pictures themselves I consider the most tremendous innovator and social influence of modern times. In the small towns thruout the country, for instance, they have become the glass of fashion for the young women. The pictures have taught them how to dress. They have brought to them new ideals of feminine charm and beauty. They all want to dress and smile like Norma Tallmadge. The movies have revolutionized the wardrobes of the middle-class young woman.

"They are doing the same for furniture and interior decoration. I noticed in many Middle Western and Southern homes that rooms were furnished like movie sets. Imitative maybe—but it has raised the level."

At the mention of "foreign pictures," Miss Nash was all excitement again.

"Pola Negri!—she is an event. At her best she is one of the greatest actresses on or off the screen. She is a born actress. One does not believe she is acting to the directions of a megaphone or that she is conscious of the camera. She seems to be living her part, ejecting it from her very self, not from a scenario. Her vitality, her facial and bodily emotions swim right out of the screen. She does in the dumb world of the film what very few actresses have even been able to get over on the speaking stage. She conveys, in her parts, every nuance of the feminine soul. There is something great in that woman that I cannot describe. I only know it 'gets you.' It is genius.

"How different from the insipid, vapid, doll-baby stuff of most of our American screen actresses! Pola Negri puts vital womanhood on the screen—not a director's trick-bear.

"Personal habits—likes and dislikes? I haven't any outside of those I told you. I am not athletic or outdoors. In books I am hopelessly Mid-Victorian. I love my home. I love to embroider—and I love the play from an orchestra seat. I am at every odd matinee around town.

(Continued on page 75)



Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

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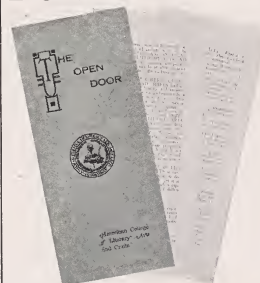
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Maurice Prendergast

(Continued from page 11)

an almost certain augury for the American art that we look forward to in the future. It is the conviction of the present writer that Mr. Prendergast's work is to be considered, in point of quality—as it unquestionably is in point of conception—with the great French painting of his time. He belongs to his time—to that first generation that succeeded the Impressionists and went on with their study of the reciprocal influences of light and color. He did not carry the analysis of the two qualities into scientific theory, as Seurat and Signac did, he did not diverge into the realm of decorative design with Gauguin. The man of the preceding generation who first claimed his homage was Cézanne, and after thirty or forty years of study, it is still that master to whom he looks most often for pleasure and for counsel. Nowadays, when Cézanne is so very much in fashion and so widely imitated, a casual observation may not reveal what he has meant to Mr. Prendergast. And that is a healthy sign, for it indicates a genuine absorption by the American painter of the great Frenchman's principles, instead of that copying of externals which betokens the shallowness of so many of the Cézanne followers in present-day exhibitions. The difference between the artist who learns from a master and the man who merely follows him is that the former had something of value to start with. And to which of these classes Mr. Prendergast belongs is made abundantly evident when we consult his early work. At the exhibition of his pictures that we saw at the Brummer Gallery, a year ago, the first opportunity that many of us had had to become acquainted with the whole evolution of the painter, it was clear to every one capable of seeing the man behind the painting that a single personality dominated throughout the whole period covered by the work: the artist had grown in skill and in knowledge, but there was one sense of color, one instinct for design, one joy in life to captivate us in the earliest and the latest pictures alike.

Thus what he had learned at different times had been assimilated and made a source of growth in the art he already possessed. He worked at drawing for a time, content with a very modest range of gray color: his drawing became strong and sure, and he learned to express a complex form with a few lines and planes. Then, under the influence of the Impressionists he gave more attention to the problem of sunlight, and at once the pale blues and the whitish pinks of his earlier work kindled into full-toned color. Having kept his own vision as he acquired the impersonal principles of drawing and color, he was strong enough, later on, to come into contact with the great mind that has its expression in Cézanne's pictures. Probably the first American to realize the

importance of the master of the modern school, able to do justice to the broad scope of Cézanne's qualities, Mr. Prendergast did not make over his own art completely. Instead he deepened it along its own lines, with the logic he recognized in the older painter as a more severe test than any he had known before—among the Persians, the Spaniards, or the early Florentines, for whom he has a particular liking. Above all, Cézanne kept him to the idea that European art, with all its study of light and space, and solidity, is at its best only when it holds all these factors together in a living design, wherein one cannot say that a given touch is there to give form or to give color. "It is painting—that's what it is," says the emphatic practitioner of the art, and he means that the true painter wields all his qualities into one with every stroke he makes.

When he does so, we get the deepest expression he has to give, for then the man himself is communicating to us the whole life that dwells in his seeing of the world. Possibly this point may make a little clearer the importance I assigned above to the possession of a personal vision from the very outset of the artist's career. It is the thing he cannot get from other men, however much they may yield him of the means to express and even to enrich his gift, however intimately he incorporates his new holding with the original ones.

The evolution in Mr. Prendergast's case has been simple and consistent, and easy to trace; but it is well thus to review it, so that we may be reminded of the fact that he has not been content to rest within even the limits of those beautiful early pictures of his, but has constantly looked about for new qualities in art and in nature. By their strengthening, renewing influence his work gains in freshness and vitality, even while it seems to vary so little its tale of the summer, the sea and the bright beings whose mood prolongs that of the crystalline and yet mellow landscape. Sometimes a vase of flowers will give the artist an opportunity for close study, and the firmness with which he models the forms offers the best of supports to the delicacy of the color. Sometimes he delights to render the tart green-and-white of a New England village, giving, with just a suggestion of humor, the exact character of the prim houses. He has made studies of Venice that are marvels of exact notation—to the last detail of the architecture, to the exact design on the great flags that play their part in the composition picture. In the water-color which he often uses for such work, he has a mastery of the ethereal clearness that is the special delight of the medium and, with this, a quality that some of our other water-colorists have failed to take over from the classics of the craft—the realization of

form, the sense of measure and control that usually come from the hard study more possible in oil painting.

Often it is to a fairy-country that only this artist himself knows that he conducts us, and then we have perhaps a little added pleasure in the fantasy that peoples his enchanted beaches. Here are gay bathers, proud horsemen seated on white steeds that take us back to Greece—and here are children absorbed in the wonder of the sails that make their brilliant flash of white against the blue water. But again one sees that all this is the work of a man who never forgets that, to be worth while, an art must be built on rock—on the great tradition of form and color which our race has been studying for so long. His most succinctly rendered figures have still the quality of drawing that he prepared himself with in the old days when his close study of the model grew, under the teaching of the masters, into style; and when he comes nearest to creating a new world in his joyous fancy of a summer all of light—clear and radiant, his picture is real for us and consonant with our experience; a thing in harmony with the law and adding to the law that we are conscious of in all art, even though we are never able to formulate it. And so the people who enjoy pictures without giving reasons are right: the artist has said everything on the plane of his canvas. He knows—Maurice Prendergast knows—when he has said the right word in his painting, but it is good also, that he has seen that look in men's faces which tells him that they too have had joy in his work.

Mary Nash: Versatile Actress

(Continued from page 73)

"I have embroidered whole luncheon sets on the stage in parts where I have used the basket and the knitting-needle. I believe I am the only actress who does this. And I never missed a cue. I can't embroider in my present part—but I hope my next part will enable me to complete on the stage—"

"Those two silk ties you promised me," broke in Miss Nash's husband, who had come in just in time to hear her last sentence.

IN MONTEREY

By Susan Myra Gregory

The old adobe, white amid its flowers,
The red tiles, sagging with the passing years,
The hospitable bench beside the door—
And I am blind with tears.

Here you once loitered in the genial sun,
Here you have met the welcoming embrace
Of kindly arms—I stumble from the door,
Seeing alone your face.

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is so easy to use. Only two minutes required to cover the face with this fragrant classic halm. While it is drying, you can feel its gentle, invigorating action on your tired skin. Then remove Boncilla with warm water.

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BLACKHEADS

appear first in the oily part of the face. Boncilla Beautifier removes them and cleanses the pores, thereby eliminating their causes, also removing any excessive oiliness of the skin.



LINE

about the eyes and mouth. The action of the Beautifier lifts them out and by stimulating circulation builds up the tissues to hold the skin tight and smooth.



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Muscles. Boncilla Beautifier exercises these and builds them up to their proper size, thereby restoring youthful contour.



HOW TO APPLY

Spread over the face with finger tips, covering face thoroughly. Allow to remain on until dry. Remove by washing off with warm water.



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can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several deodorants known to chemistry, but there is only one formula that possesses all these virtues:

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is a necessity for every lady (or gentleman) who perspires too freely. You will be in many hot, close rooms this winter and you surely want to avoid being unpleasantly conspicuous. No soap, powder or perfume can hide offensive perspiration. Send 25 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial tube. If you send a coin, be sure it is well wrapped to prevent cutting thru envelope and getting lost in the mail.

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VALAZE SUNPROOF AND WINDPROOF CREAM: "Sunproof" the skin and prevents freckles, swartheness and sunburn. A little rubbed over the face, hands, arms and chest keeps them unharmed by exposure to the sun. For normal and rather oily skin, **\$1.10 and \$2.20.** For skin inclined to dryness, Valaze Balm Rose answers the same purpose. **\$1.75, \$3.50.**

VALAZE BEAUTY FOUNDATION CREAM: An outdoor cream ensuring wonderful adhesion of powder; for normal and somewhat oily skin. **\$1.10, \$2.20.**

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Also an extraordinary assortment of rouges, powders and lipsticks of unique modern shades.

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Romance in Realism

(Continued from page 33)

and all the paraphernalia of the foot-lights possessed for the boy a formless fascination. The first conscious thrills of his life were felt "back stage" when, thru a friendship with some member of the stock company, he was permitted to browse in the enchanted regions of Back Stage. He didn't know that he, personally, wanted to be an actor. That was alien to his training. But he says that he "breathed better" when the ozone was permeated with the miasma of the mummery. Which is not unakin to R. L. S., who dreamed, when a child, that he heard "the noise of pens writing."

Then, later, he "ushered" in the home theater—to the family horror. But he felt, for the first time, egotistic and tremendously important. With the donning of the usher's uniform, "I was," he says, "the theater."

And still he never thought, definitely, that he, a Blackmer, could be an actor. He had drunk in traditions and the Law with his first breath.

One night he went out and walked about the countryside all night long. Wondering, no doubt, what was the matter with him. Trying to find out the secret of his own unrest. Having everything, he still had nothing. Just before dawn he lay down beneath some guardian pine trees and watched the night grow brightly pale. "Then and there," he told me, "a realization of life came to me. I knew. I knew myself—and knew, too, that the line of least resistance is never the line to take." The formless desires and leanings of his boyhood formed and he knew what he wanted to do; what he *must* do and, simultaneously, how many links in the chain that had comprised his life must be forcibly broken in the process of achievement. "The first step toward success," said young Mr. Blackmer, "is getting intimate with yourself, knowing, beyond peradventure of a doubt, what you want to do."

Then he came to New York, with thirty dollars in his pockets—and friendless.

He wanted to do the things he'd read about—live in an O. Henryish half-bedroom, dream and struggle and starve. And he did. He had the O. Henryish half-room with the meager gas-jet and the stained wall-paper and the insufficient sky-light. He walked the streets for the job-he-didn't-get. He knew what it was to be hungry and cold and desperate; to sleep on a park bench, to ride to and fro all night on a Subway train, because he had no other place to sleep. But he was, all along, artist enough to recognize unglamorous actuality as invaluable experience. While he was starving, he was growing. While he was cold, he was innately warm. He was too proud to write home, and when, on an occasion, a friend of his father's ferreted him out and offered him a job,

young Blackmer declined the offer, suspecting his father's hand in the scheme.

He worked for awhile in a Gent's Furnishing Shop. And then came steps.

... One day a crowd in the street attracted his attention. The crowd proved to be "extras" applying for jobs in front of a motion picture studio. On an impulse young Blackmer forged his way thru—and emerged again with an order to come back the next day with evening clothes, to be "among those present" in a ball-room scene. It was all very well for him to come back again—but not so well with the evening clothes. Still, here was Opportunity ... knocking thus feebly, this once. ... He pawned his watch and appeared the next day. There followed a series of extra jobs, insignificant in themselves, but significant to the young zealot with his passion for experience. "I learned something of the camera and screen technique," he said, "and things began to happen after that."

... Winthrop Ames and Granville Barker took an interest in him ... he did some one-act plays under them ... he worked with the Ben Greet Players in Shakespearean repertoire ... he worked with Maxine Elliot ... and twice, just on the threshold, he was blocked ... once by the war, after which he came back, technique forgotten, experience shot to pieces ... and a second time by an actors' strike, compelling him to walk from the theater on the very eve of triumph. Then, most notably, came "Not So Long Ago," with Eva Le Gallienne ... one or two intermediaries ... and now, "The Mountain Man." "For a long time," Mr. Blackmer said, "I have left an engagement in the evening to take a new one in the morning. I believe in working and working steadily. It keeps the touch sure."

"I've told you my life story," he said, finally, "save for one notable hobby—hats. I have a veritable passion for hats and a secondary one for shoes. I always judge a man by his hat and his shoes. Now you know the all of it."

"Not quite," I objected, "there's a Future. What about that? What do you most want to do? What do you want to create? Have you any particular and definite ambition pertaining to the theater?"

"I want to bring romance back to the stage," the young man said; "not that I disbelieve in the realistic drama. I don't. But there can be a romance in realism; there can be a dream in a scheme; a poem made of prose. The theater is the natural home of romance. I want to bring it back ..."

SONG

By Le Baron Cooke

When I was at a loss for words,

To weave into my art,

Love came, with words like singing birds,
And fluttered in my heart.

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The Artist of the Theater

(Continued from page 66)

eclectic process achieving a more perfect and all-embracing unity of expression.

THE PLAYWRIGHT: A return to the fluid, impromptu drama of the *commedia dell'arte*? On that day we might also just as well resume our old ancestral impromptu gesture of scratching for fleas. "Groping efforts to find drama in mere movement without the use of words"? Why do you use the word "groping"? Does the Russian Ballet grope? And hasn't it achieved just what you demand, while still retaining its integrity as the Dance, a separate and self-sufficient art? What excuse has the Drama, for intruding its ungainliness here? And to go on to your human-figureless play of shapes and lights, that presupposes the existence of a new race for audience, or else an esoteric cult to whom such abstractions will not have to be translated. In calling such experiments toys, you used the right word—toys for the few; but the Drama is and always must be the art of the many. As such it may attain true grandeur; as anything else it is bastardized into piffle. Furthermore—

Would be too much. After all, we agree in the main point: the theater of the present must be destroyed. Let us then first—oh sweet and lovely thought!—poison all the actors, then guillotine the managers, hang the playwrights—with one omission—feed the critics to the lions (except you, of course), and as a final act of purification, call upon a good God to send a second flood to wipe out the audience, root and branch. Being a just God, and a Great Producer, he will no doubt spare the two of us; and we can then rehearse this dialog on Mount Ararat as a first step toward the Theater of the Future.

Musical Spain in the United States

(Continued from page 64)

be worthily presented here and perhaps prove to us that the weak "Goyescas" was not representative of the native Spanish music drama. The "Dolores" of Breton was once announced by the late Oscar Hammerstein for his Manhattan Opera House, but it never got nearer the footlights than that announcement. Under the auspices of John Cort a genuine Spanish opera, in English translation, was presented in New York this season. This was "The Wild Cat" (El Gato Montés), by Manuel Penella, a work which I have heard described as a sort of Andalusian "Cavalleria Rusticana" in three acts.

Long have we known the plays of Spain, the novels of Spain, the painting of Spain; we have eaten of garbanzos and puchero, danced the tango, basked in the radiance of Sorolla and Zuloaga, cherished Velasquez as a religion. Why not now more Spanish music?

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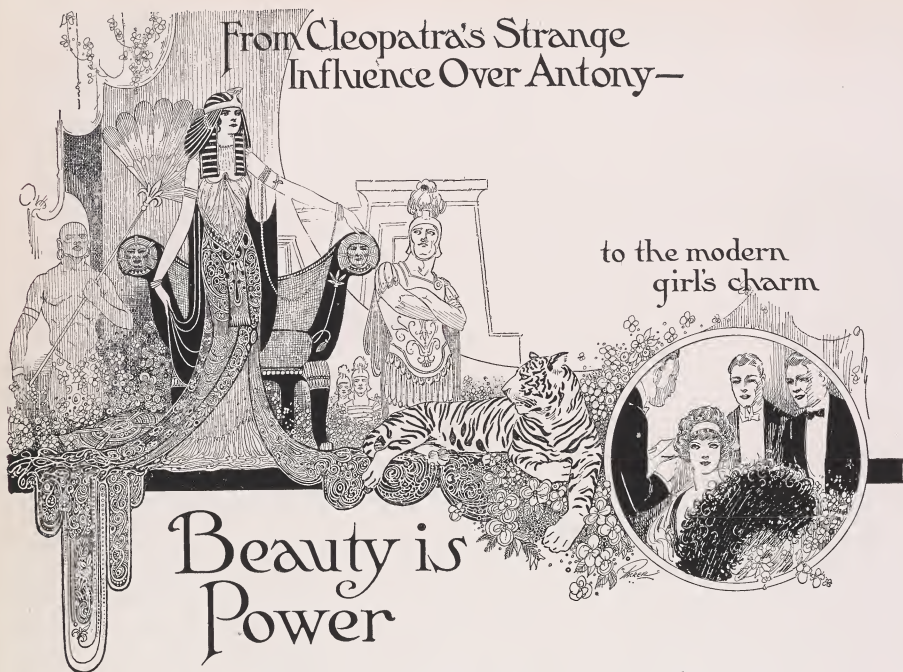
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BEAUTY

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There are pages in color and sepia toned reproductions of beautiful women. Truly this magazine is fittingly named BEAUTY. Your newsdealer has BEAUTY—the new magazine—ask him for it. You will be delighted with it and, better than that, you will instantly recognize its importance.

Partial Contents for May

"Alice in Beautyland," the first of a series of articles by an Oregon girl who came from the ranch to New York; her adventures with New York's heavy culturists and the happy outcome.
 "The Use and Abuse of Cold Cream," by Corliss Palmer, an article both scientific and practical.
 "More Than Skin Deep," another delightful story by Montanye Perry, author of "The Charm Shop" and "A Pink and Gold Dream."
 "What Beauty Does," the first of a series of papers by Frank Waller Allen, distinguished author and lecturer.
 "Tis False But True," an interesting article, beautifully illustrated, about wigs, by Harriet W. Corley.
 An interview *intime* with Camille, Imaginary Conversations, by Gladys Hall and Dorothy Donnell Calloun.

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Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can't tell how, but I can tell why. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not flake the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powderedorris root, kieselguhr, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. As most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So to many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach. I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or \$1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder, I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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